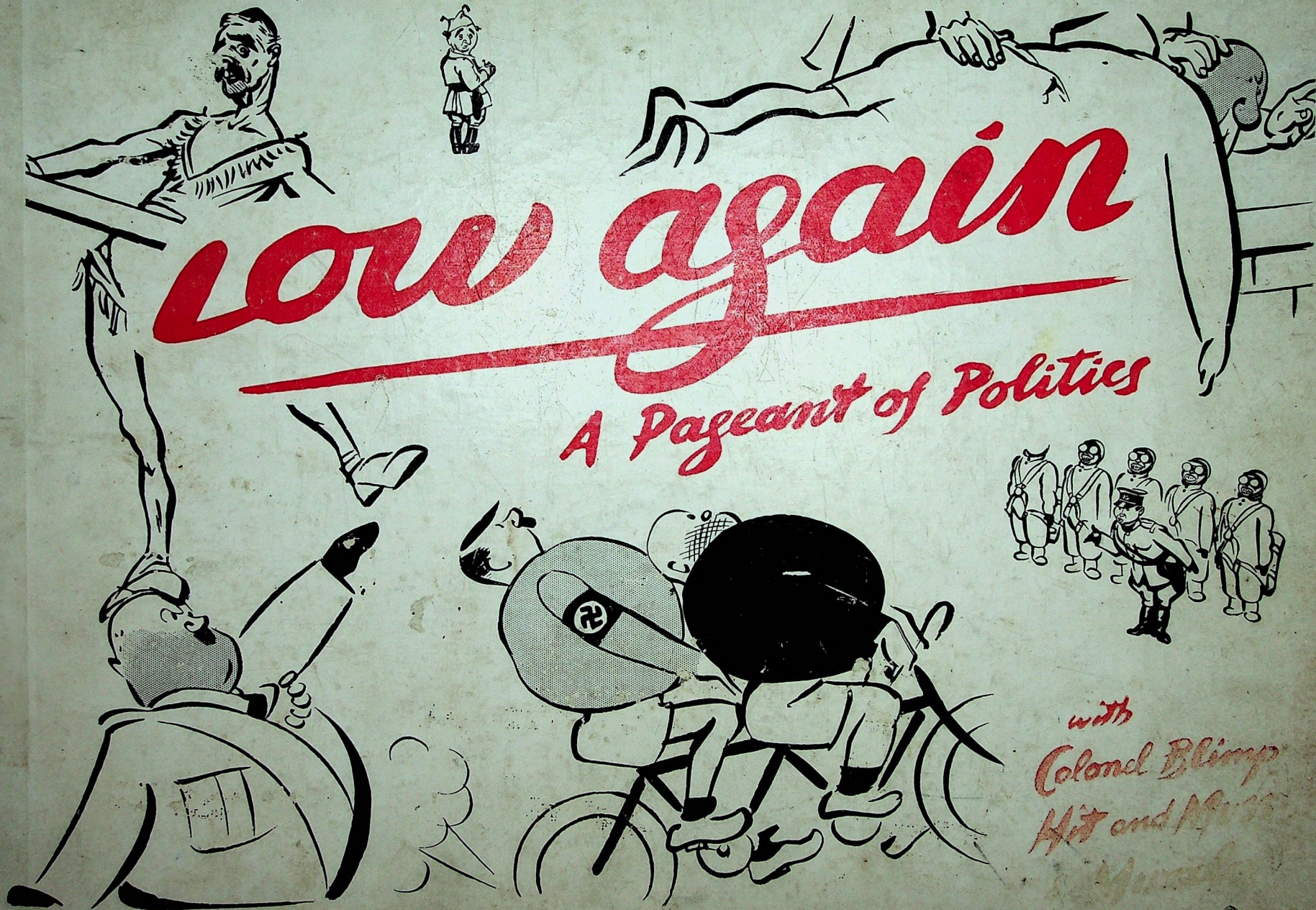


Low again

A Pageant of Politics



*with
Colonel Blimp
Hit and Mussolini*

Low again

A Pageant of Politics



with
Colonel Blimp
Hit and Muss
and Muzzler

The Cresset Press

BLIMP MARCHES ON

IT is the custom for all prima-donnas to say at least twelve farewells before collapsing into obscurity, so due reserve should meet the statement that the reappearance here of Colonel Blimp and myself for a return season may be, perhaps, our last. It must be evident, however, that the world is becoming a less congenial place for caricaturists; not because of any lack of material—there is no lack—but because of the increasing eligibility of that material in its natural state. The professional lily-gilder is superfluous when the lilies burst forth already golden. When “the blue-behinded ape skips upon the trees of Paradise” in reality, the humble satirist retires, knowing then that he has nothing to teach the gods.

The art of portrait caricature became superfluous with the perfecting of candid cameras able to catch the great in their unguarded moments. Now, it seems, the cartoonist and his art of reduction-to-absurdity of passing events are to be supplanted by the news-reel, exhibiting merely the crude facts.

“Owing to the cloth shortage in the operation of the 4-year Plan it is announced officially that shirts are to be shorter in future.”

“An infant aged 7 months has been deprived of its citizenship for treason.”

“‘The goose-step is not for people with large stomachs. That is why we like it’, said the Duce to General Goering.”

Such items are not material for cartoons, but subjects for photography.

Privately, also, caricaturists are at a disadvantage. As the Boswell of Colonel Blimp, I, for instance, find that that crass overstatement which I have employed successfully in the past for effect in argument evokes no longer the shock of discord, but rather sounds like an agreeable contribution, in the right key, to the thought of the time. The subtlety of irony is lost, sarcasm defeats itself. It seems not at all jeering or derisive to talk of how Franco upheld Christianity in Spain by importing Mohammedans to wipe out the devout Basques; or of how Japan restores civilization in China by reopening the opium dens closed down by the dastardly Reds. The nose turns up unheeded when observing that the high honour of some state is incompatible with its Government's keeping a treaty for more than one week; or that this people or that people display superior ideals in persecuting everyone suspected of having had a Jewish great-grandmother. No rude noises are emitted from pursed lips at a remark that this Fuehrer or that Duce has made democracy real at last by relieving his people of the trouble of choosing their representatives.

I contemplate changing my Turkish Bath. Vindicated by the passing triumphs of Men of Action, the confidence of Colonel Blimp in his own judgment, even when it is self-contradictory, now becomes almost insupportable. The worst of it is that our lines of cleavage are not so sharply divided that all the Blimps are on the one side. A noted pacifist once confessed that if all the good men in the world could be set apart and opposed by all the wicked, he might be induced to approve of war. Since I fondly believe that what passes for wickedness in this world is more often stupidity, I am more tolerant. The segregation

BLIMP MARCHES ON

would be instructive, nevertheless. There would be, of course, the anti-Geneva Blimps, saviours of the British peoples by astutely manœuvring them into a position in which they can be blackmailed at ease by any partnership of gangsters; and the Isolation Blimps, who, in a mere five years, by avoiding co-operation with great cleverness, have gone a long way towards isolating themselves from their Empire and their investments. But there are others. Standing on one's head cannot hide the family likeness. There are, for instance, the inverted Blimps (or Pmilbs) who simultaneously press for "action" and oppose its consequences; the Pmilbs who think they can belong to the League of Nations and the Peace Pledge Union at the same time; and the Pmilbs who, as a protest against war, refuse to be told how to wear a gas mask. A confused batch of innocent treason for a totalitarian headsman—if indeed there be any satisfaction in beheading persons who are already, in a sense, beheaded.

It is one of the weaknesses of a democracy educated only at both ends that politics for the great Muddle Classes have to be dramatised as a kind of football-match, with not only leaders but also ideas wearing the distinctive jerseys of one side or another, and political controversy simplified into a passionate exchange of partisan yells. Before Fate superimposed on us the larger game—the World's Cup Final, so to speak—it was difficult enough for the average man, full of headlines and emotion, to subordinate sentiment to reason. But now, for Colonel Blimp, since the Privileged Classes have discovered international affinities stronger even than the bonds of old-fashioned patriotism, it is almost impossible. He becomes confused in his loyalties. Frequently it seems that the downing of the Reds is of more consequence than the preservation of the British Empire. This is the stuff that dreams are made of, sir. Pass the dope, damn you.

Although no intelligent man is taken in for one moment by the fakes of modern post-League diplomacy, it is still possible to persuade Blimp that Mussolini made war on Abyssinia because Haile Selassie had not behaved himself, that the Japanese are killing the Chinese for their own good, and that Hitler was

preceded into Austria by 100,000 soldiers and numerous tanks simply because he was afraid of being kissed to death by welcoming Austrians. Blimp swallows the Hit-Muss postulation of Red Menace whole, despite its blatant pretence, with Soviet Redness so obviously on the defensive. It appears that it is the Reds that are the trouble everywhere. His hunt for Reds has become a witch-hunt surrounded by a superstition which is unconfused by a reminder that his own Neville Chamberlain, according to certain high-priests of anti-Redness, is a Red, and Disraeli, one of the greatest architects of his Empire, a dirty Red Jew; and unmoved by the fact that, in this country at least, the militant type of Red who habitually forecasts himself as Commissar is small in numbers compared to the ranks, who are so astonishingly trusting and disciplined that they would remain unmoved even if told officially from Moscow that Stalin had been arrested by the OGPU for being a Trotskyist and had confessed all.

With equal obtuseness, although no expert would deny now (after having made sure that shareholders were not listening) that the days of our old familiar competitive capitalist system are numbered, Blimp apparently believes the cure for everything is Confidence. Confidence in what? You may well ask. It was Blimp who recommended everyone in 1931 to All Pull Together, but omitted to say what to pull. The Colonel, I regret to observe, still lives in the old days when the British manufacturer was the Universal Provider in a world of little peasant customers. It penetrates his skull only dimly that the world has changed into a street of high-power self-supplying Woolworths, nobody wanting to buy, but everybody under an urgent necessity to sell in order to pay the rent. Although, as Blimp points out, we need have no fear about the supply of customers until the last Zulu has been served with a grand piano, I see by the papers that the economic wizards are about to start on the Zulus, and I fear the worst.

It may be that in due course it will become necessary for the principles of competitive capitalism, national and international, to be salvaged from their logical conclusions with a stick of dynamite. Or it may not. Thank God events rarely obey the

BLIMP MARCHES ON

ruthless prophecies of economists. There is more than one motive force in human affairs. There is, for instance, the longing for importance which, besides producing Muzzlers to command Olympic games of Devil-take-the-hindmost on the Gadarene slopes, produces also the occasional clear-minded fellow with the strength to upset calculations.

No cynic, however, would expect the latter to stir the imagination of mugs as do the former with their flags, glittering panoply and resounding blatherskite. It is the Muzzlers that fascinate to-day. Like the schoolboy who could not believe that a thousand noughts added up did not total even one, simple souls cannot realise easily that demonstrations of energy can be at the same time immense and futile. The idea of organising the human race as a sporting event, to be run around and around in circles without any winning post, is a profoundly impressive one to the myriad family of Blimp. Indeed, the idea of "organisation" or "regimentation" is attractive for its own sake to their bossy natures, quite regardless of whether its object be constructive, obstructive, or destructive.

I do not suppose that the average man would object to having an organised morning if he could have a perfectly free after-

noon; and I am sure that I do not object to organisation myself. James Watt and his infernal steam-engine made tighter organisation inevitable anyhow, and his discovery for us of the power of steam was not in order that we might squat in hot water for ever. Personally, I might even go to the length of greeting Muzzler with a salute and shouts of "Hail, Caesar!" or "Cheerio, Chamberlain!" if it were to hasten civilisation and increase human happiness. But, after all, there is a difference between being organised for freedom and being organised for repression. The pride of the average man in his freedom is perhaps over-estimated (especially when slavery is called by a more genteel name) just as his capacity for humiliation is under-estimated. But to ask me to admit no vital conflict between owning my Muzzler and being owned by my Muzzler—between democracy and dictatorship, if you like—is to ask too much.

"The struggle will not soon be resolved, though its outcome is inevitable," says a non-committal statesman. "And *HOW!*" I shall mutter as I smother Colonel Blimp with his own loin-cloth, and, locking the door of the Hot Room, steal softly away.

LOW

March, 1938.

All the cartoons in this book were first published in the London "Evening Standard" and thanks are due to the Editor and proprietors of that newspaper for permission to reproduce them here.

BLIMP'S BULLDOG BREED



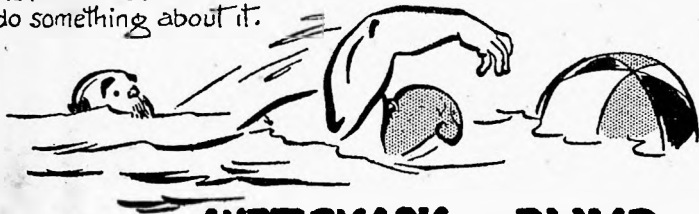
Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook was right.
The colonies must at once declare that
under no circumstances will they hand
over Britain to Germany.

May 6, 1936



IN THE MELTING POT AGAIN.

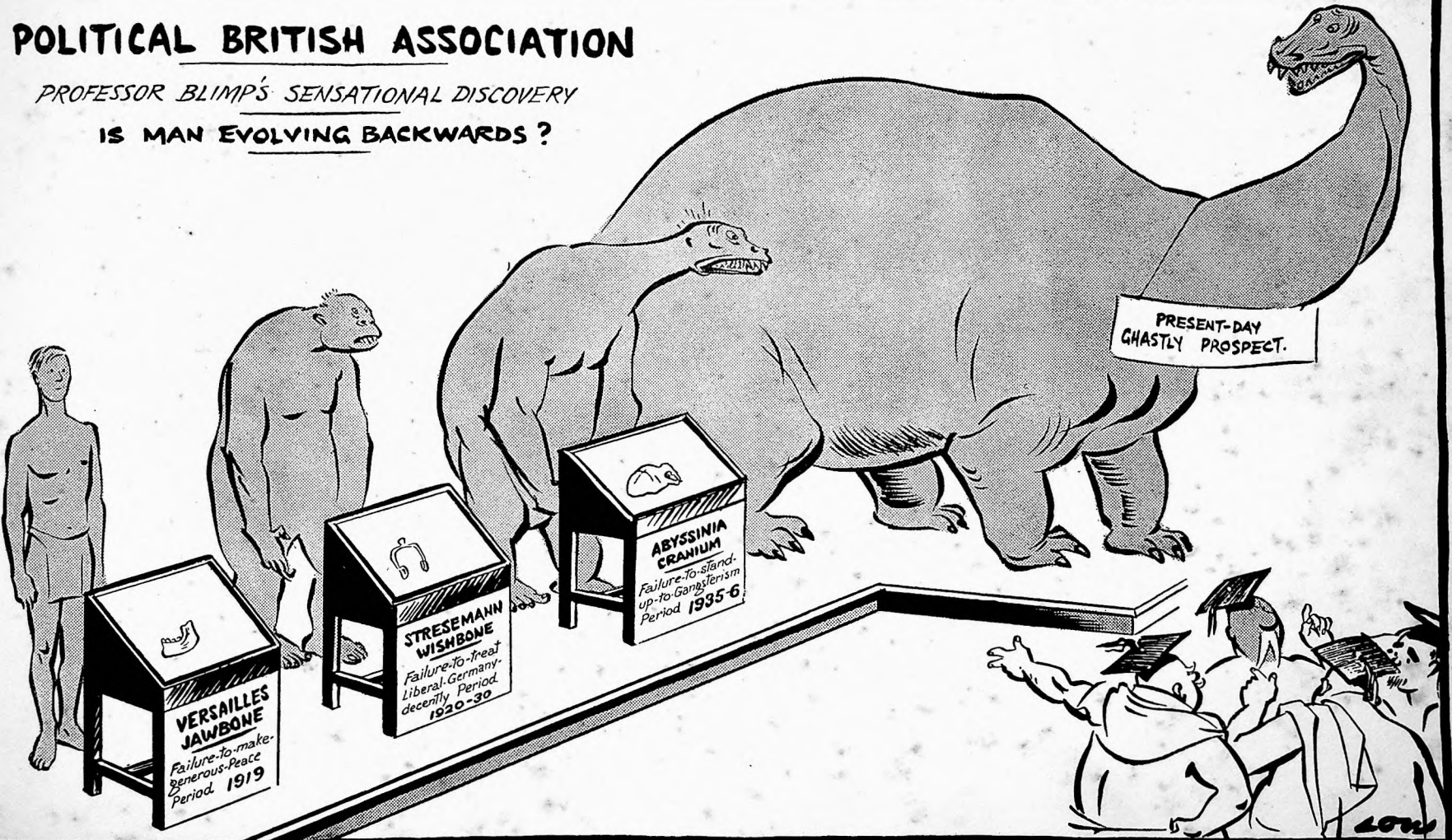
Gad, sir, Eden is right. War is NOT inevitable and it never will be unless we do something about it.

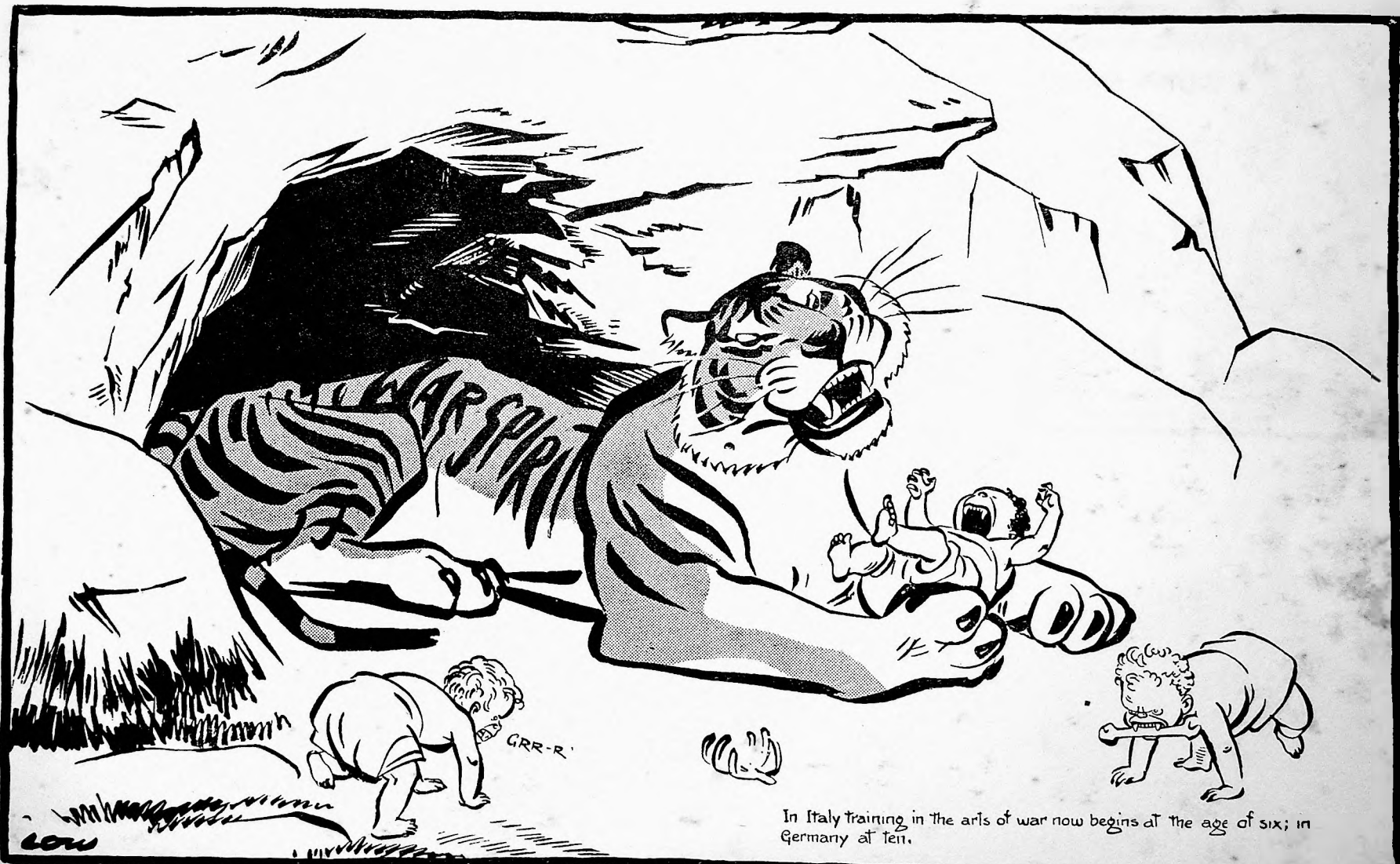


WET SMACK BY BLIMP

POLITICAL BRITISH ASSOCIATION

PROFESSOR BLIMP'S SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY
IS MAN EVOLVING BACKWARDS?





In Italy training in the arts of war now begins at the age of six; in Germany at ten.

FOSTER MOTHER.



"BE REASONABLE! IF I HADN'T PROMISED YOU NOT
TO LEAD YOU HERE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME."

(SEE MR. BALDWIN'S FAMOUS "IF" SPEECH.)

COOKED TOUR.



IN RETREAT.



NEMESIS RESTAURANT.



BLASPHEMY! NOT FIT FOR YOUNG EARS!



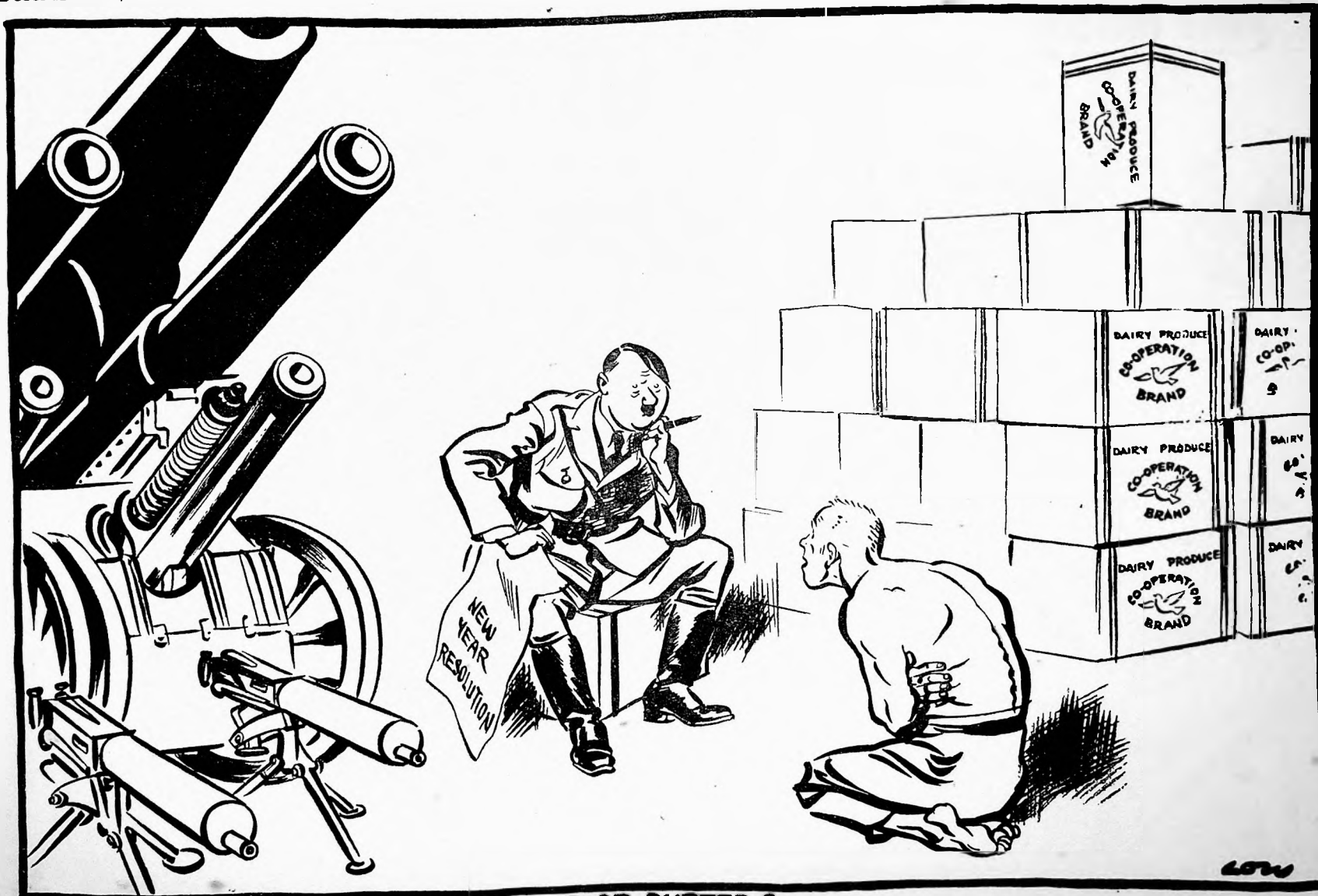
URGENT PREPARATIONS FOR THE WORLD FLOOD.



WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH PLEASE ?



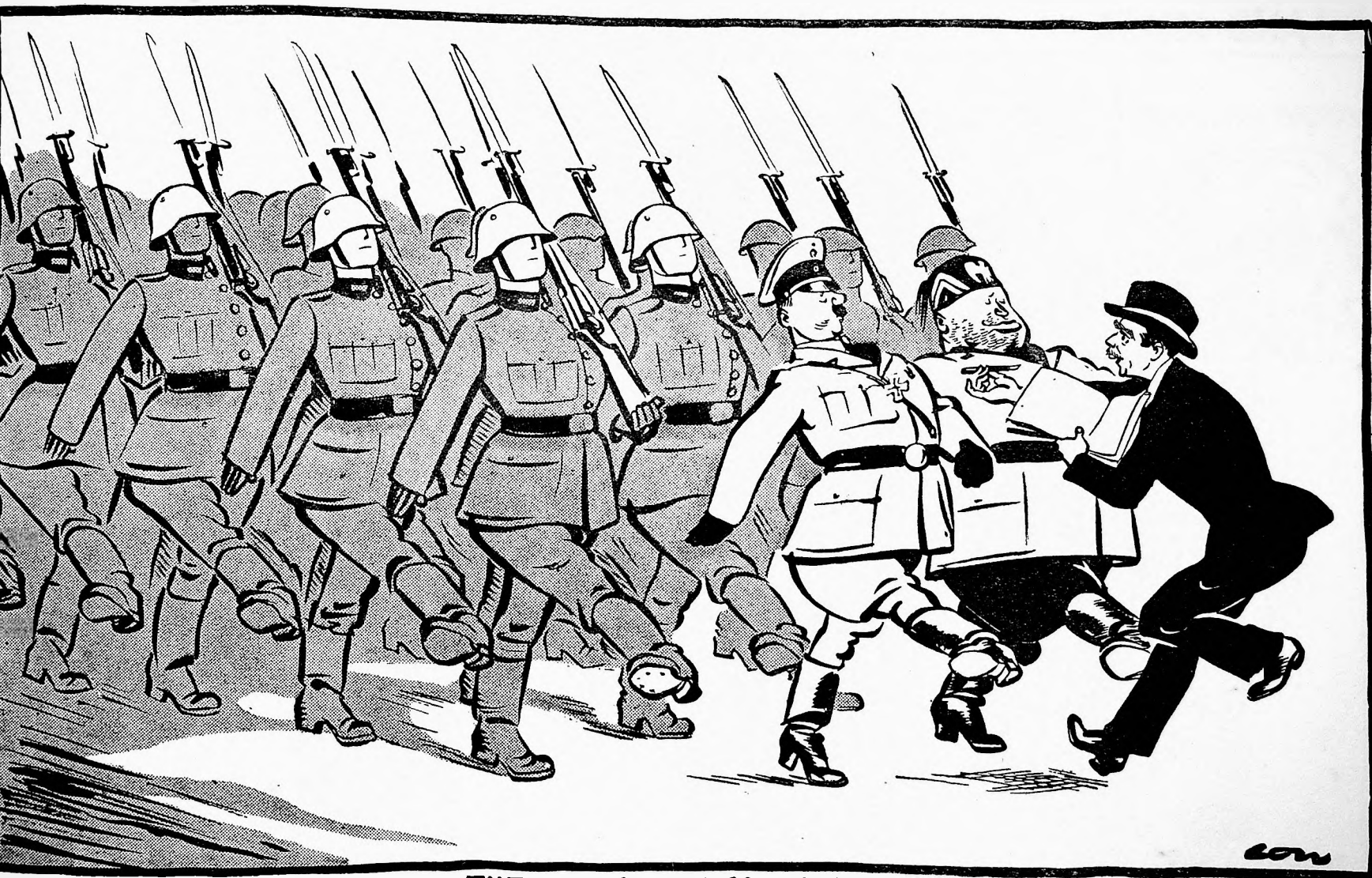
CELEBRATION DINNER.



GUNS OR BUTTER ?



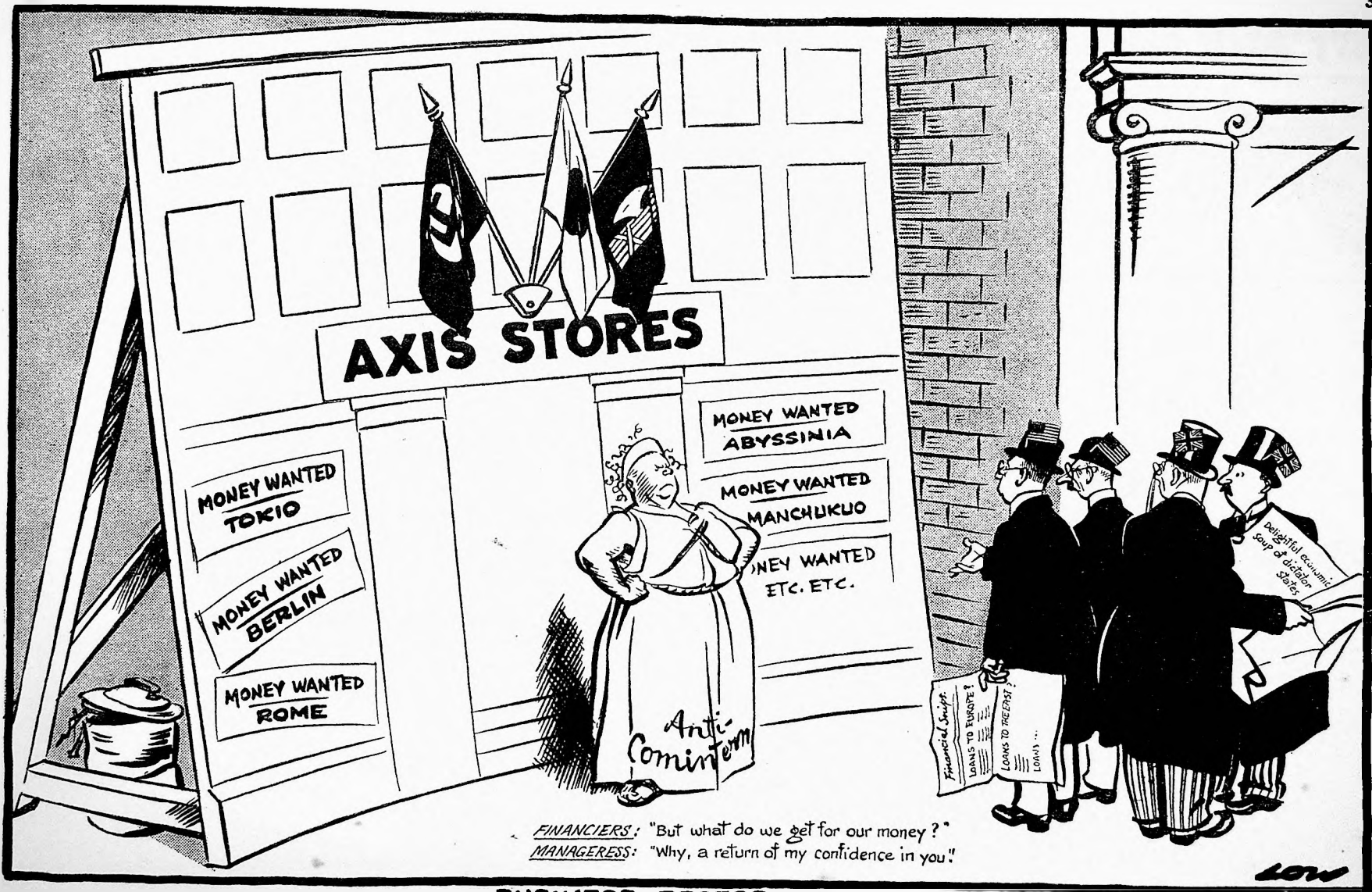
"HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME NOT TO KICK YOUR PANTS FOR, SAY, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS?"



THE AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR

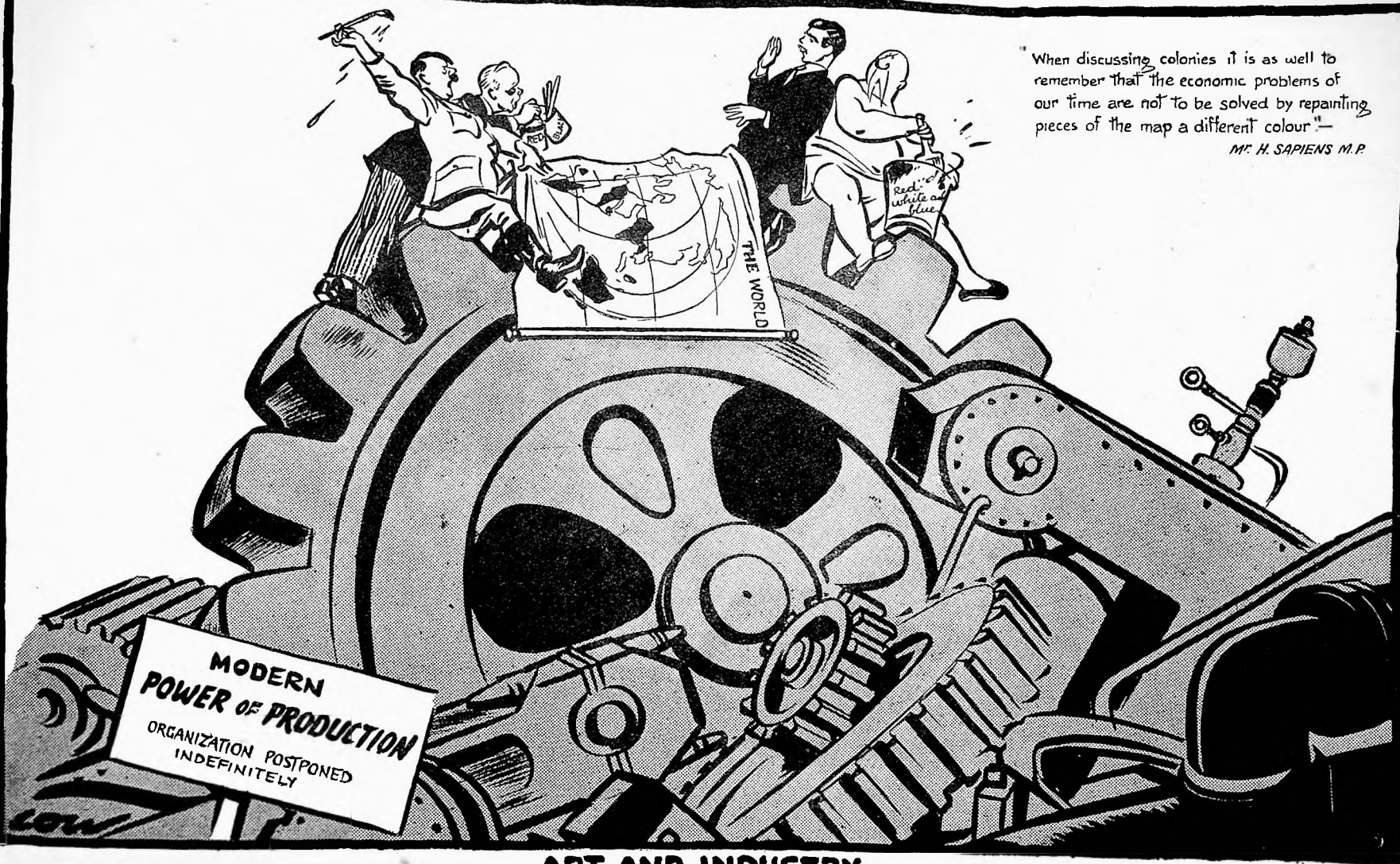


HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.



FINANCIERS: "But what do we get for our money?"
MANAGERESS: "Why, a return of my confidence in you."

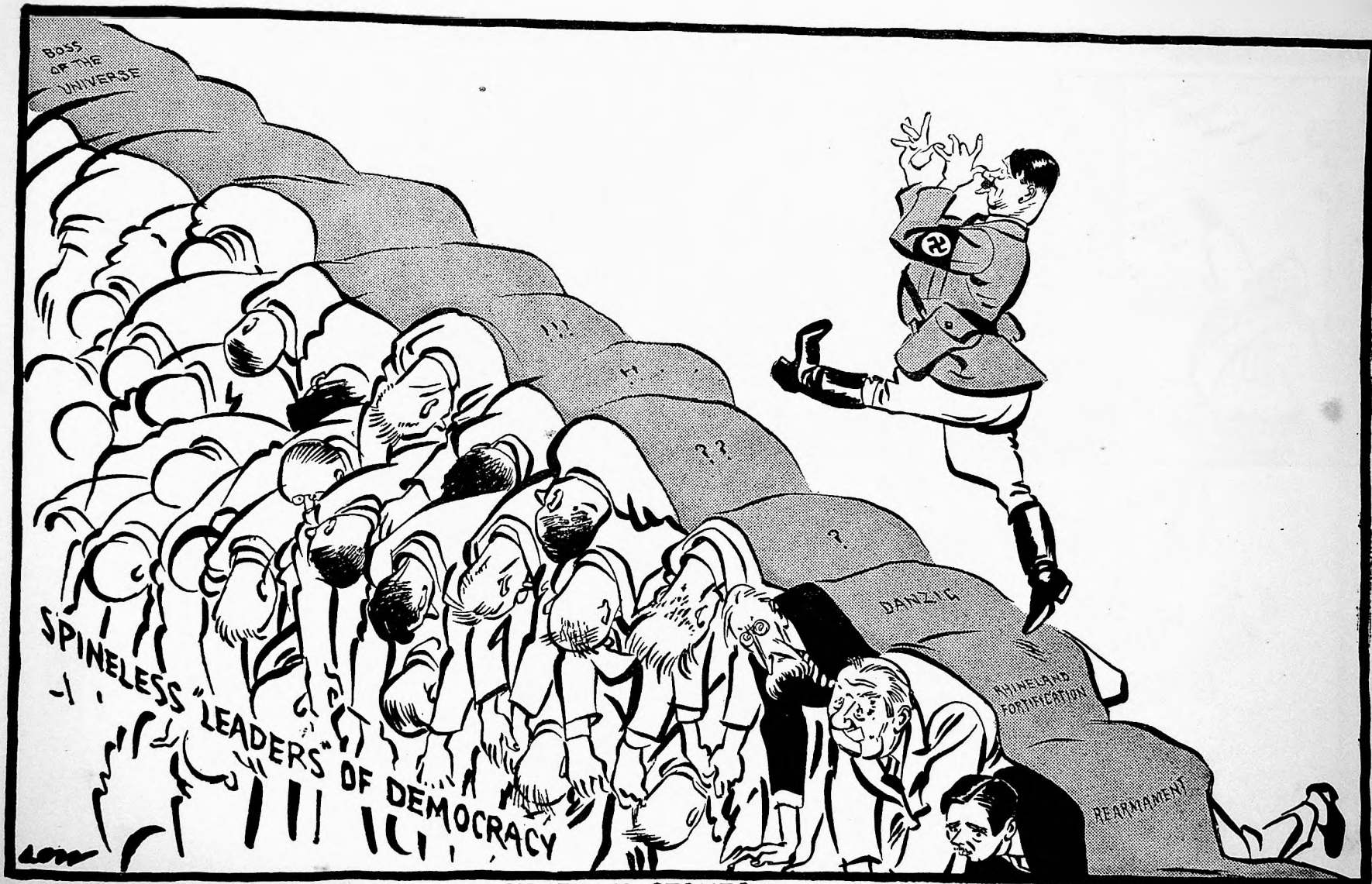
BUSINESS RECESSION.



"When discussing colonies it is as well to remember that the economic problems of our time are not to be solved by repainting pieces of the map a different colour"—

MR. H. SAPIENS M.P.

ART AND INDUSTRY.



STEPPING STONES TO GLORY.



"WE MUST KEEP A COOL HEAD TO THE UTMOST" —
says The PRIME MINISTER

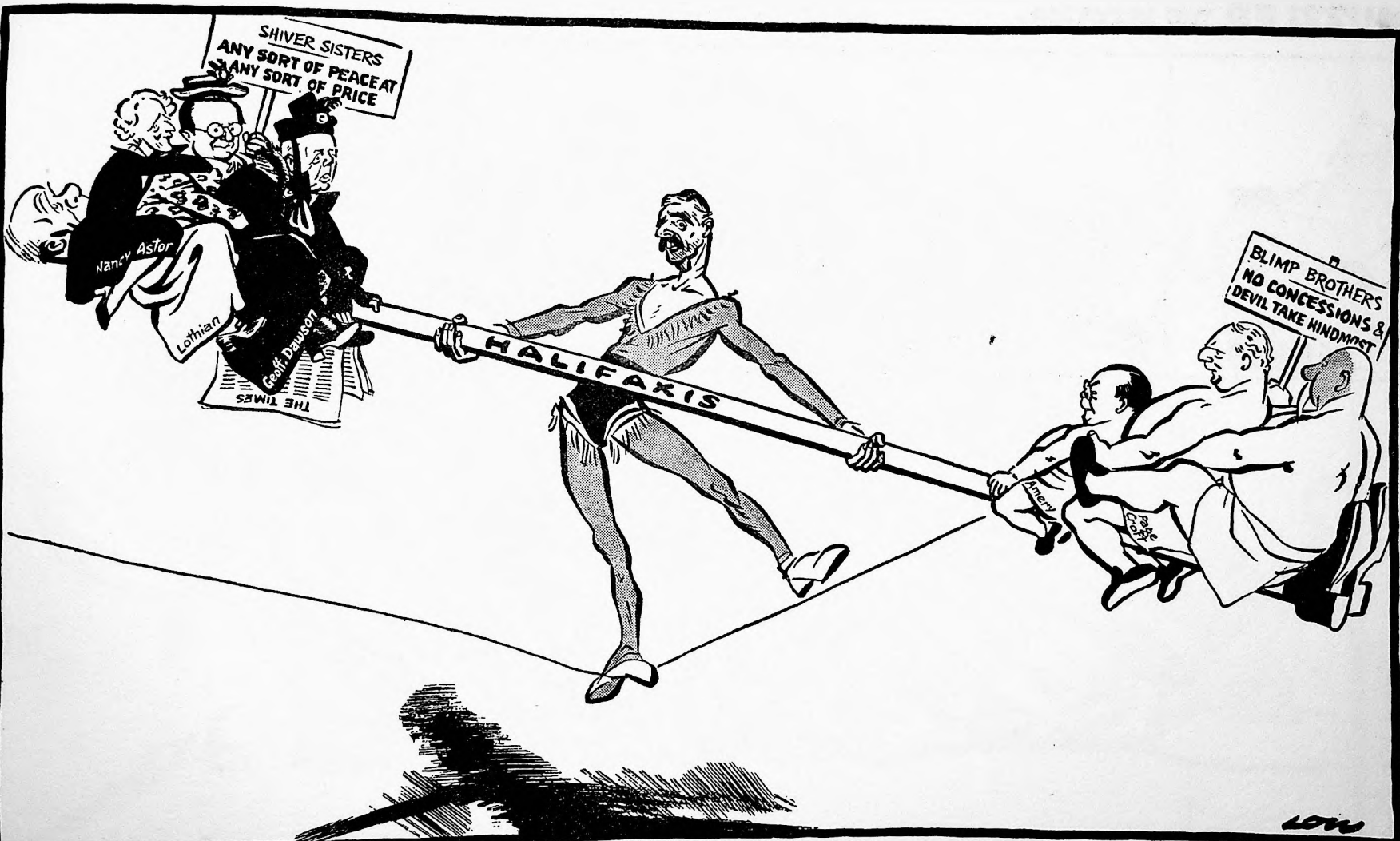
THE QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE.



"Great Britain and every country owe a debt of gratitude...for the encouragement given to sport by this exhibition"

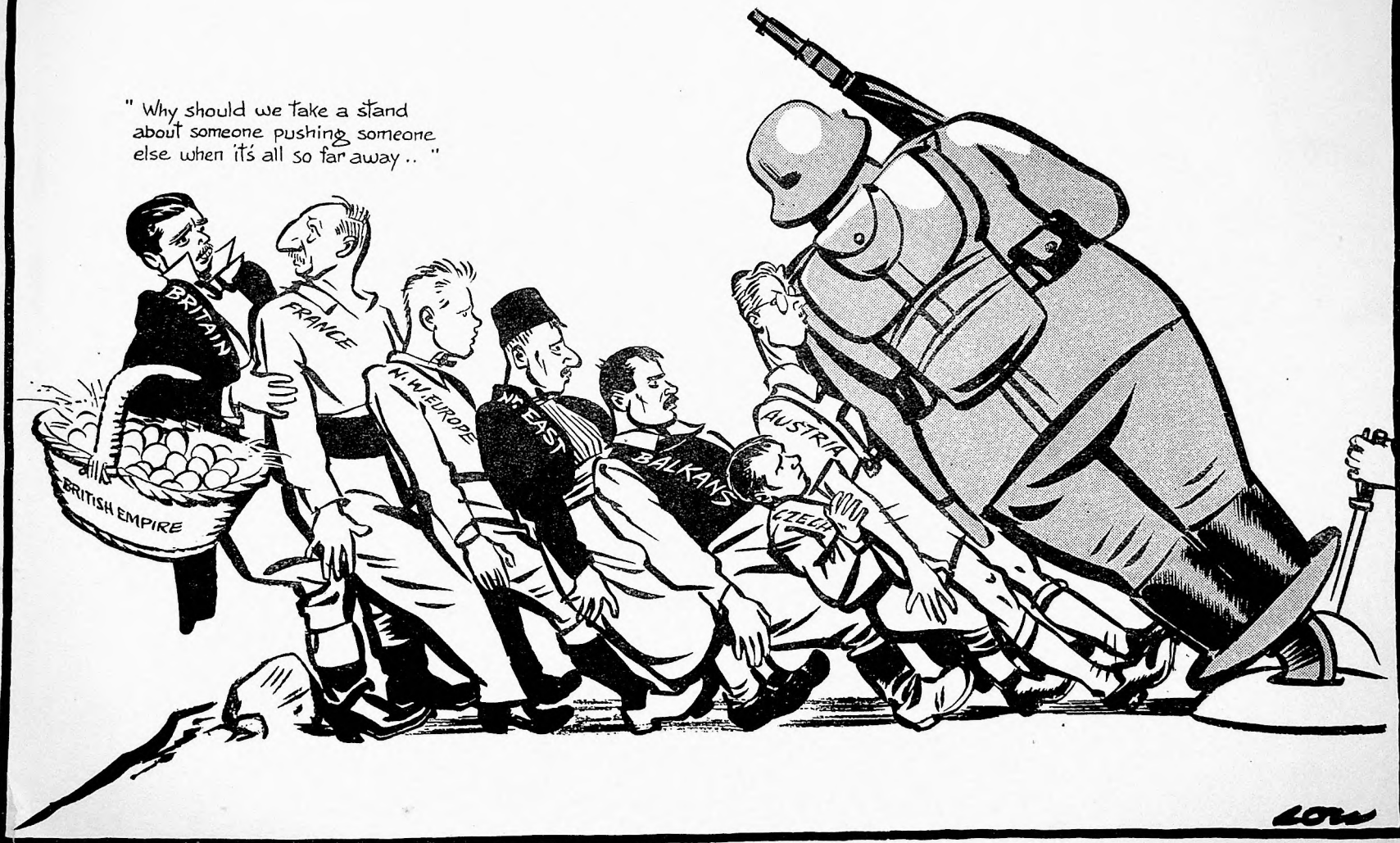
LORD HALIFAX

NAZI HUNTING EXHIBITION.

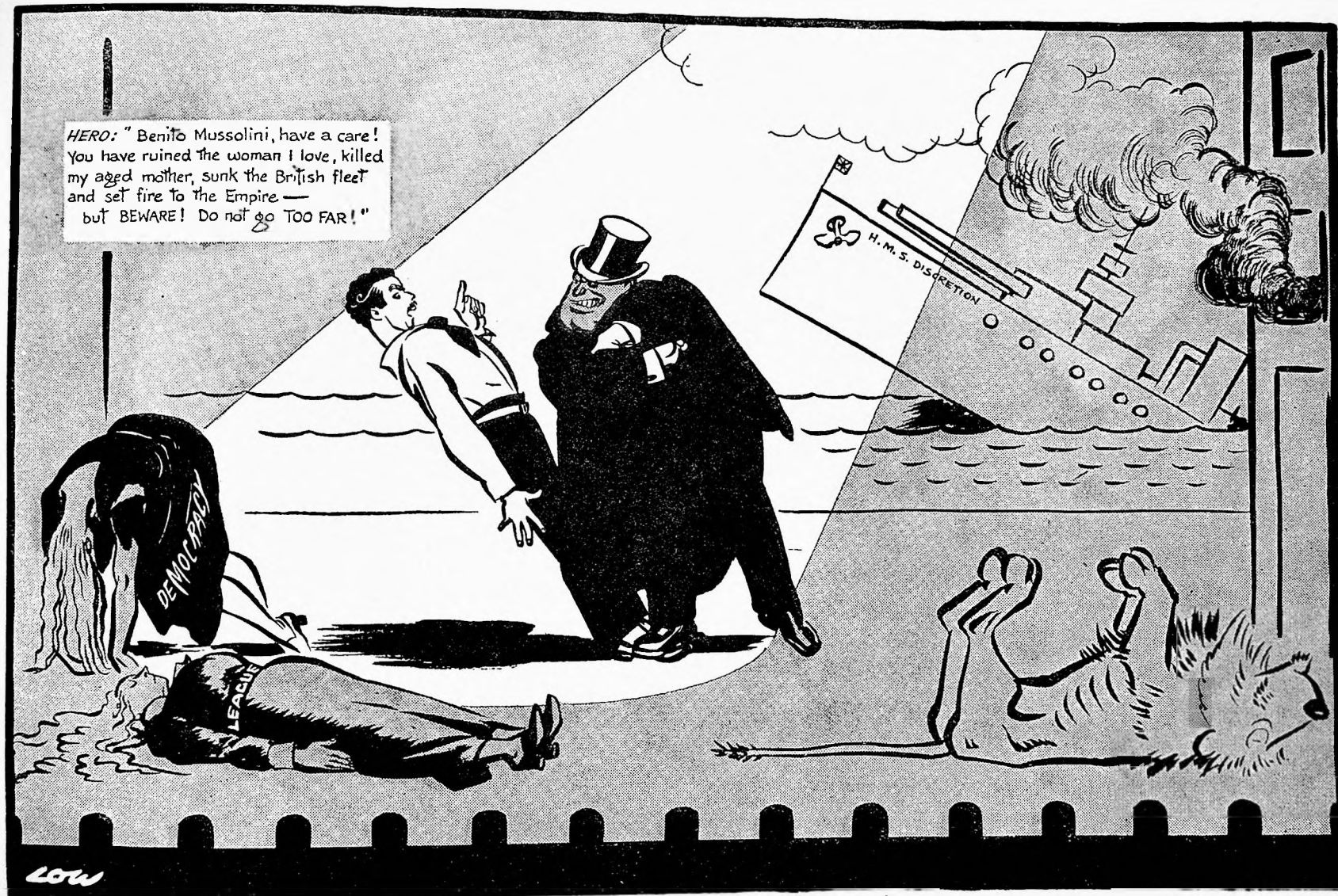


FOREIGN POLICY VAUDEVILLE ACT.

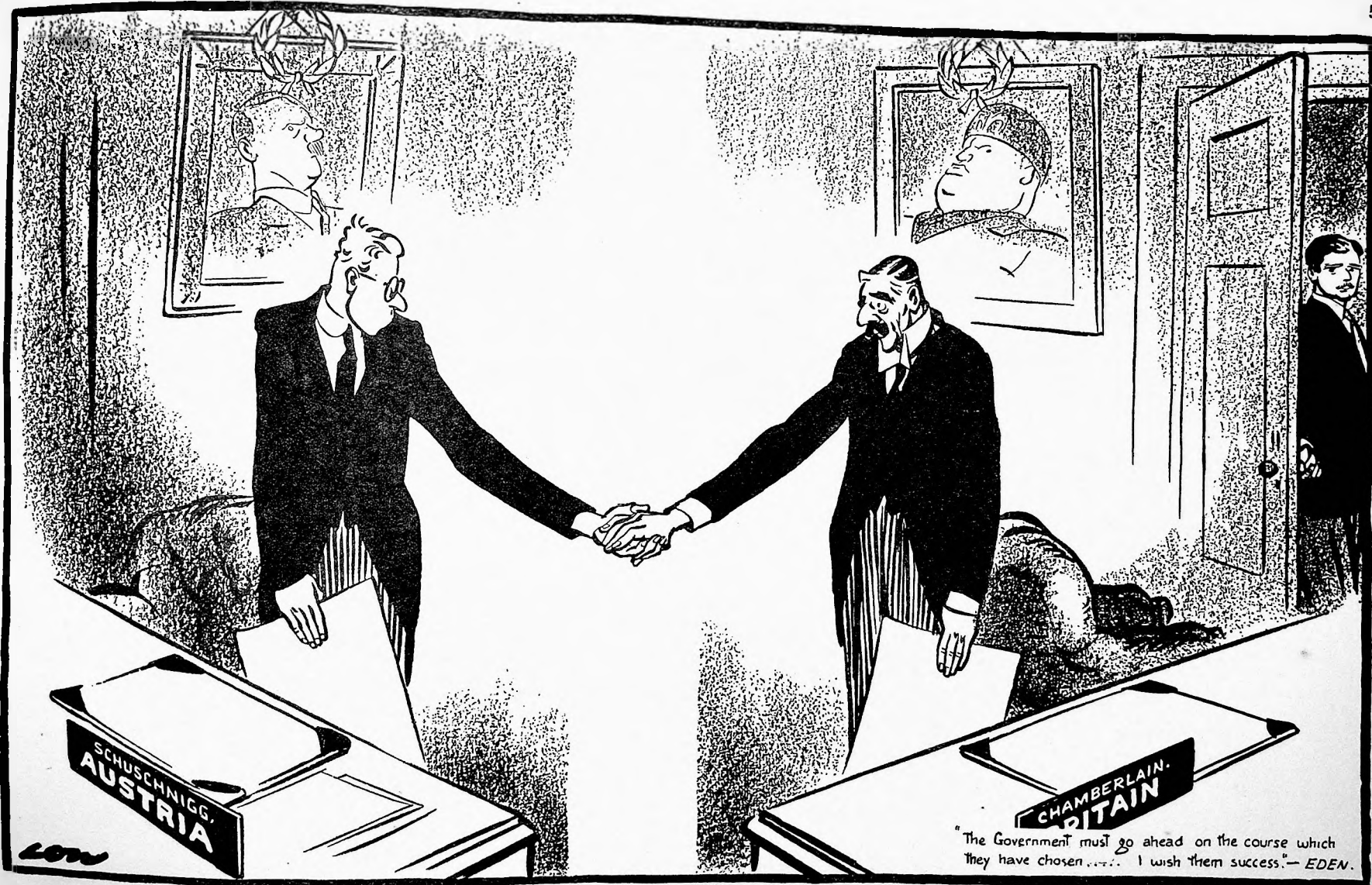
" Why should we take a stand
about someone pushing someone
else when it's all so far away .. "



INCREASING PRESSURE.

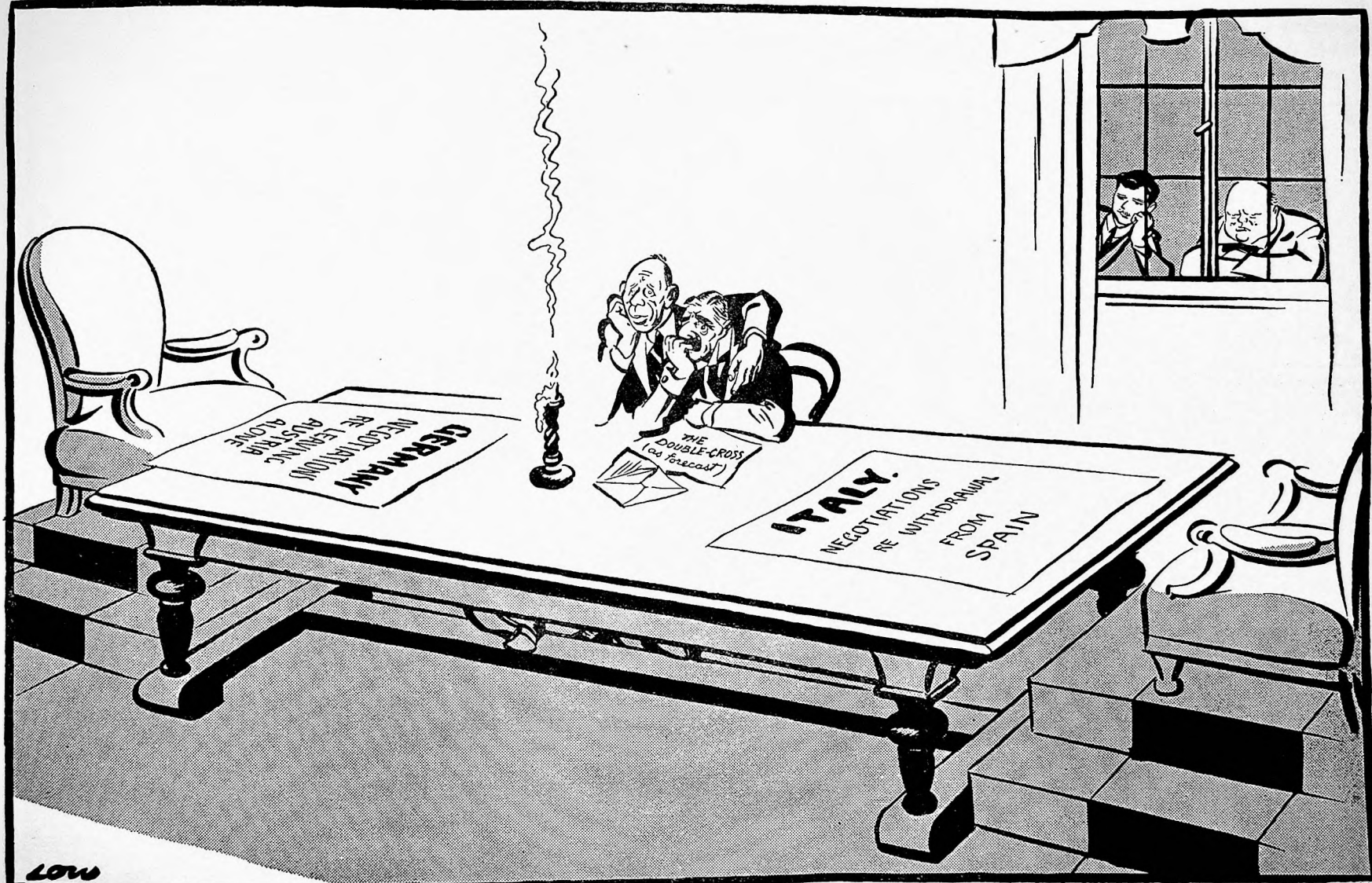


REVIVAL OF OLD-TIME MELODRAMA.



"The Government must go ahead on the course which they have chosen... I wish them success."— EDEW.

"ME TOO."



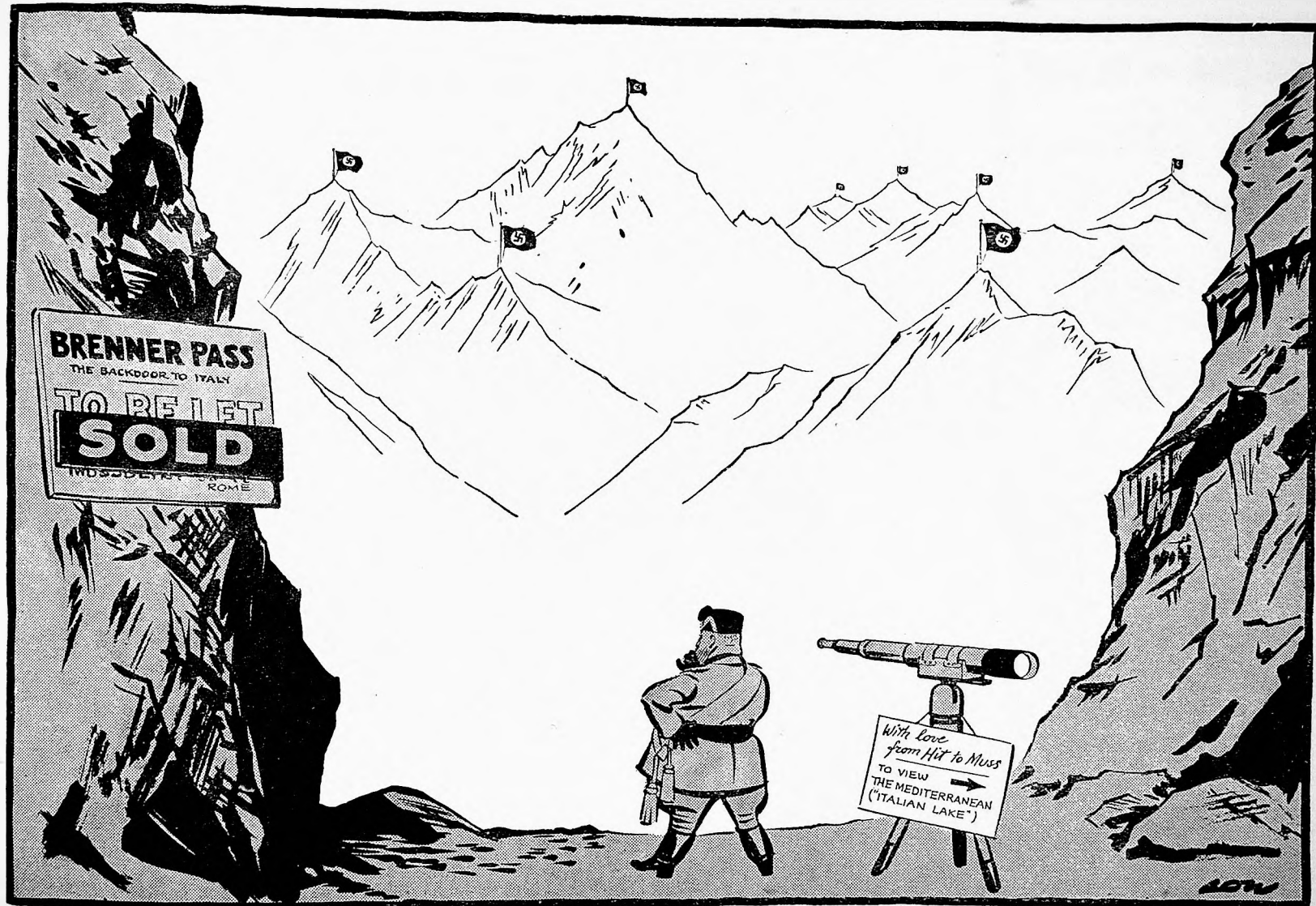
THE POLICY THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.



" SORRY, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BURN OUR FINGERS!"



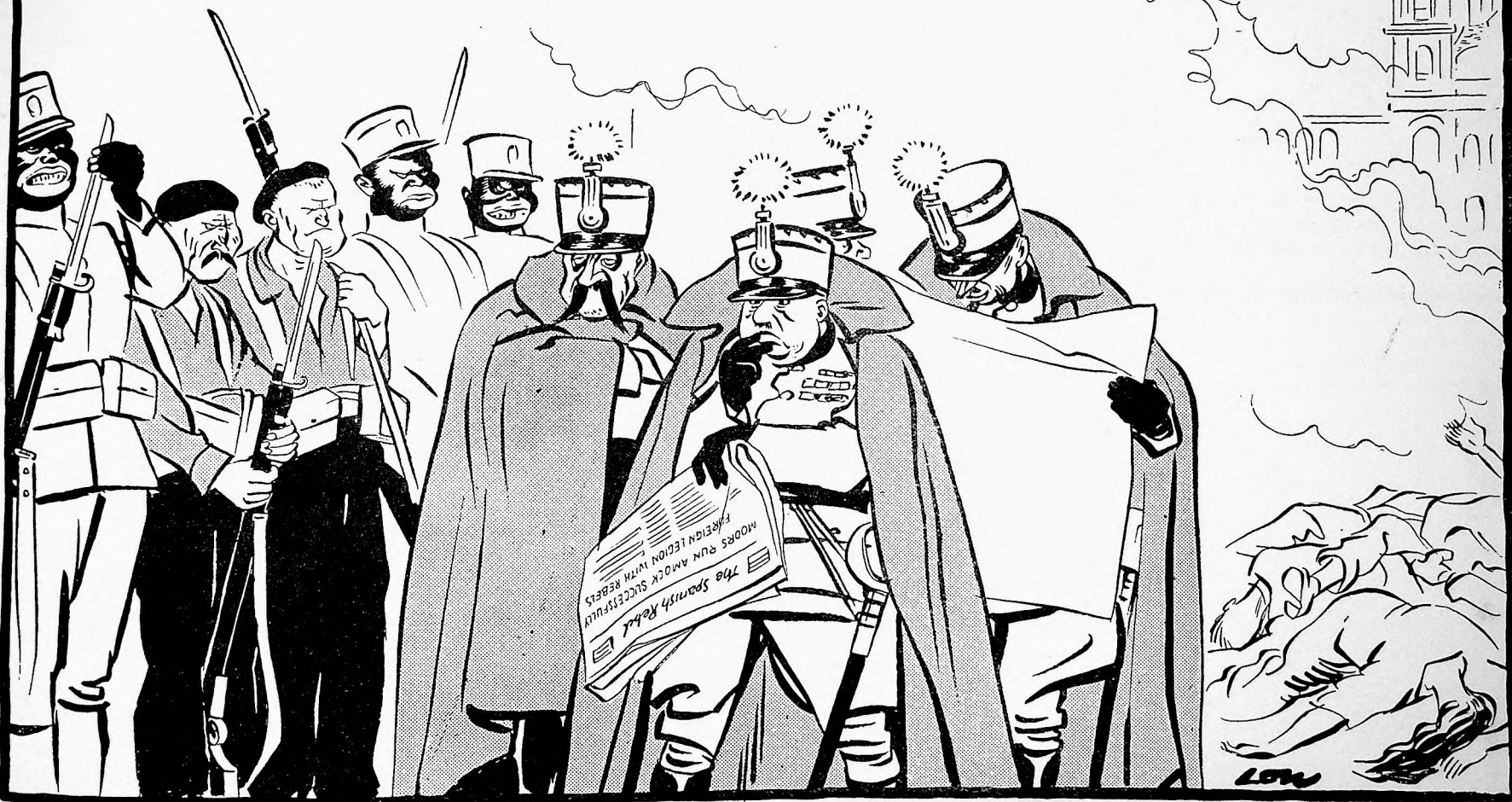
THE ALL-IN HYPNOTIC PERSONALITY CHAMPIONSHIP.



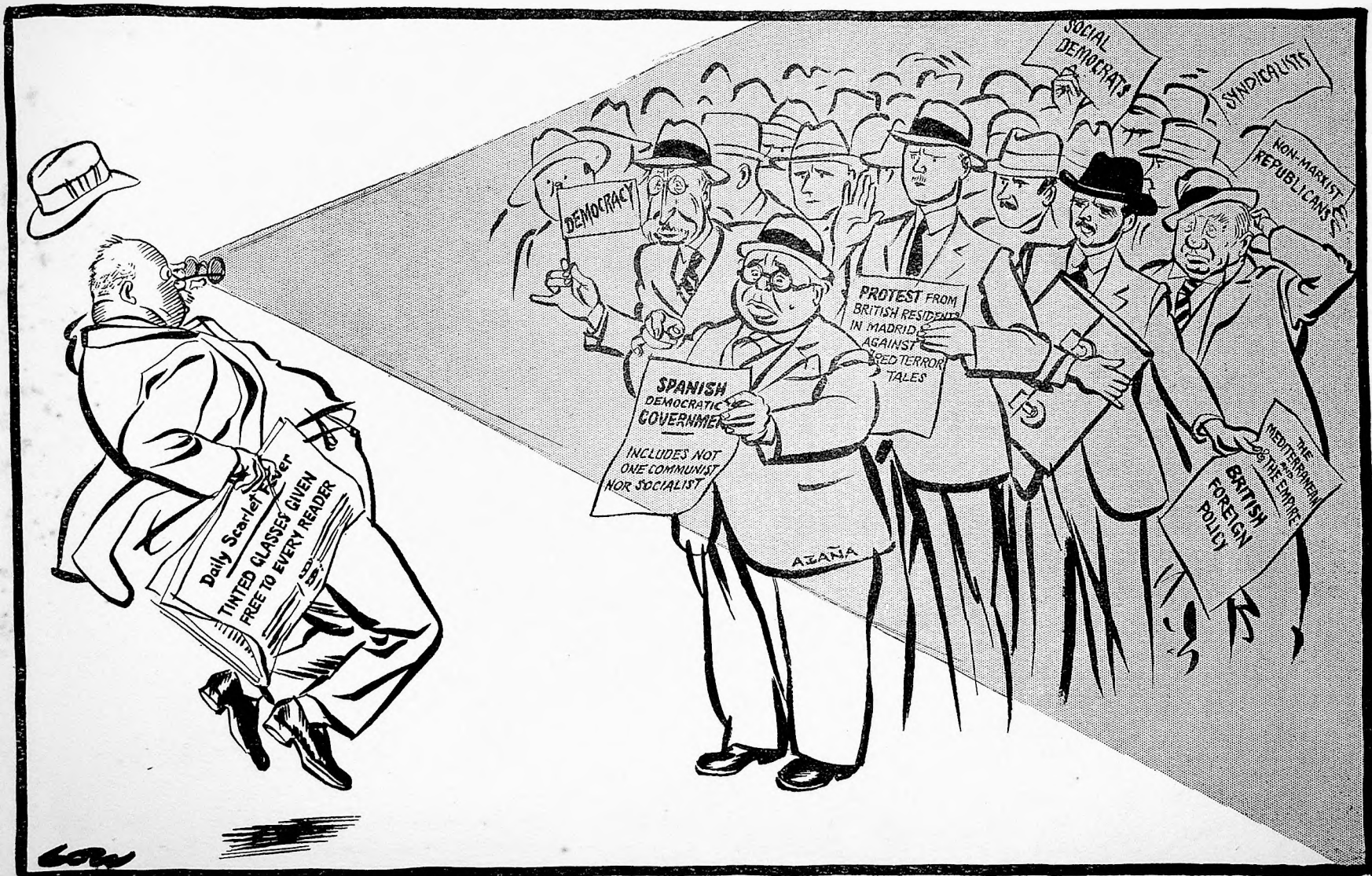
"THOUGH EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES" (?)

REBEL LEADER:

WHAT A PITY! IF WE ONLY HAD ENOUGH MOORS AND FOREIGN
RIFF-RAFF TO WIPE OUT THE SPANISH PEOPLE, WE COULD SAVE SPAIN —



THE PATRIOTS.



SEEING RED.



"EXCELLENCY, THE MOORISH TROOPS ARE DISTURBED —
THEY SAY OUR CONDUCT OF THE WAR IS UNCHRISTIAN....."

PROGRESS OF 'CIVILIZATION' IN SPAIN.



"YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT I'M BRINGING PEACE TO THE POOR SUFFERING BASQUES."



PROSPECT OF A DEAL.

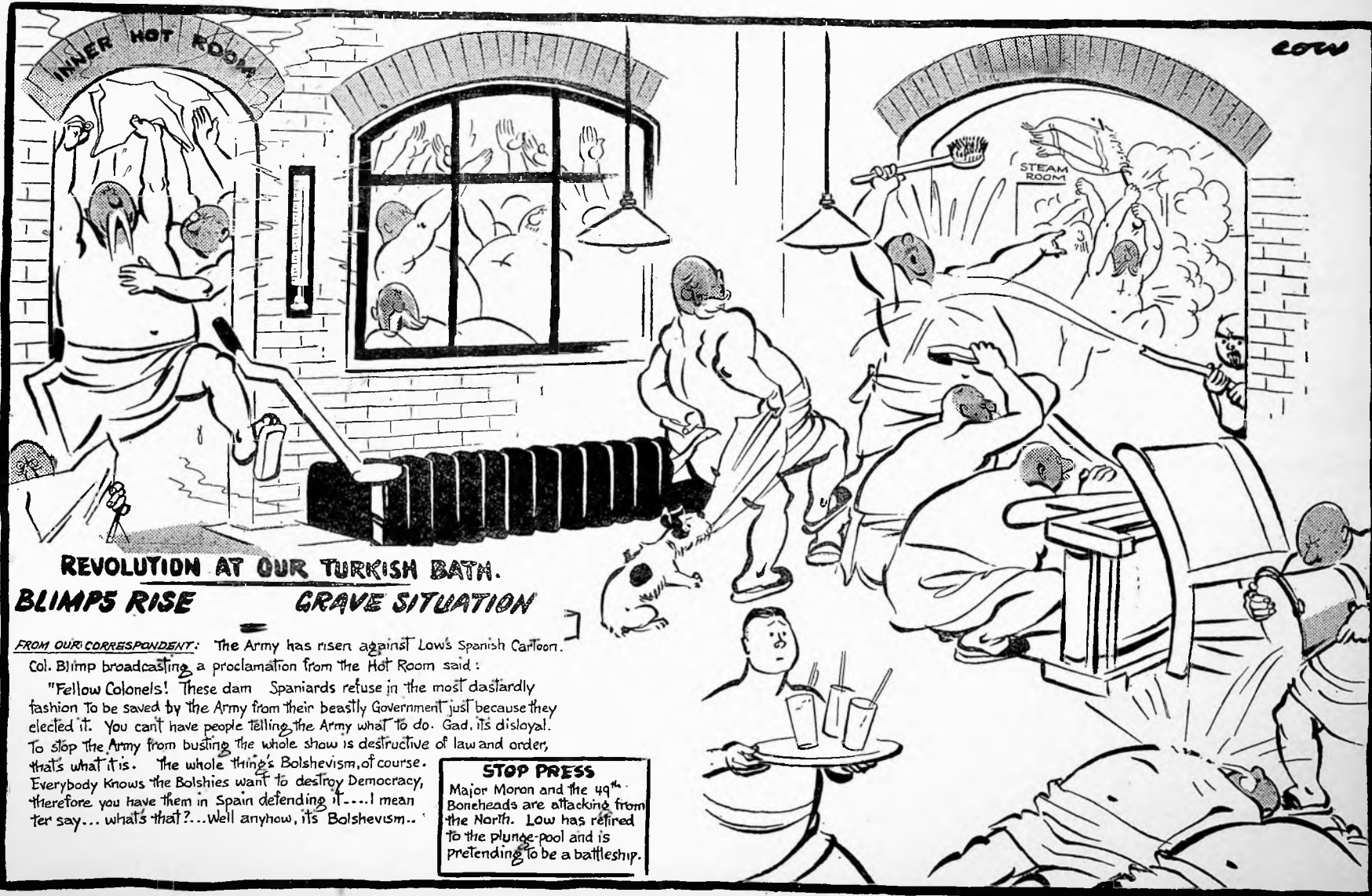


"NOW REMEMBER, TONY, DON'T SIT DOWN."



THE CLOAK.





REVOLUTION AT OUR TURKISH BATH. BLIMPS RISE GRAVE SITUATION

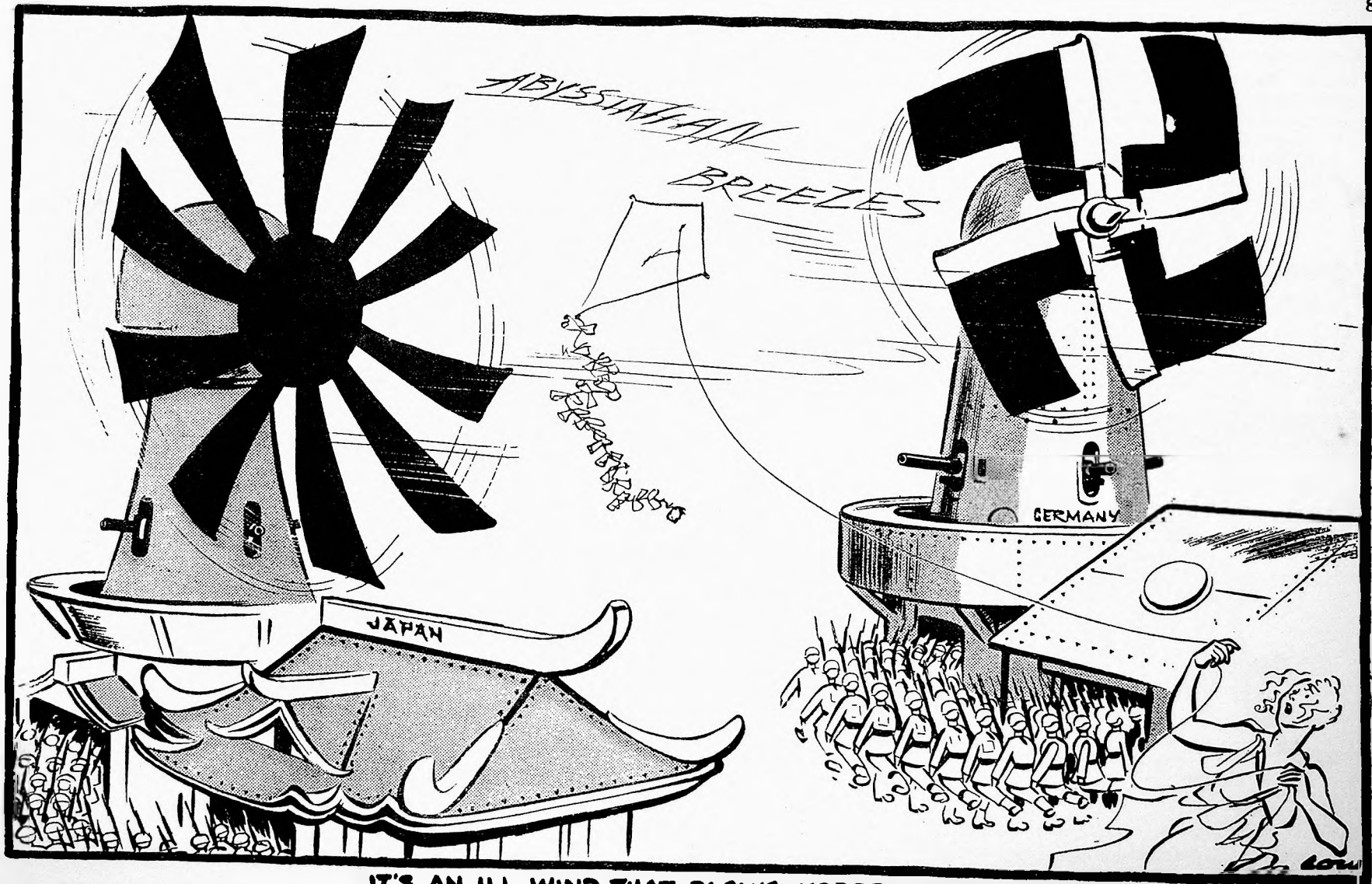
FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT: The Army has risen against Low's Spanish Cartoon.

Col. Blimp broadcasting a proclamation from the Hot Room said:

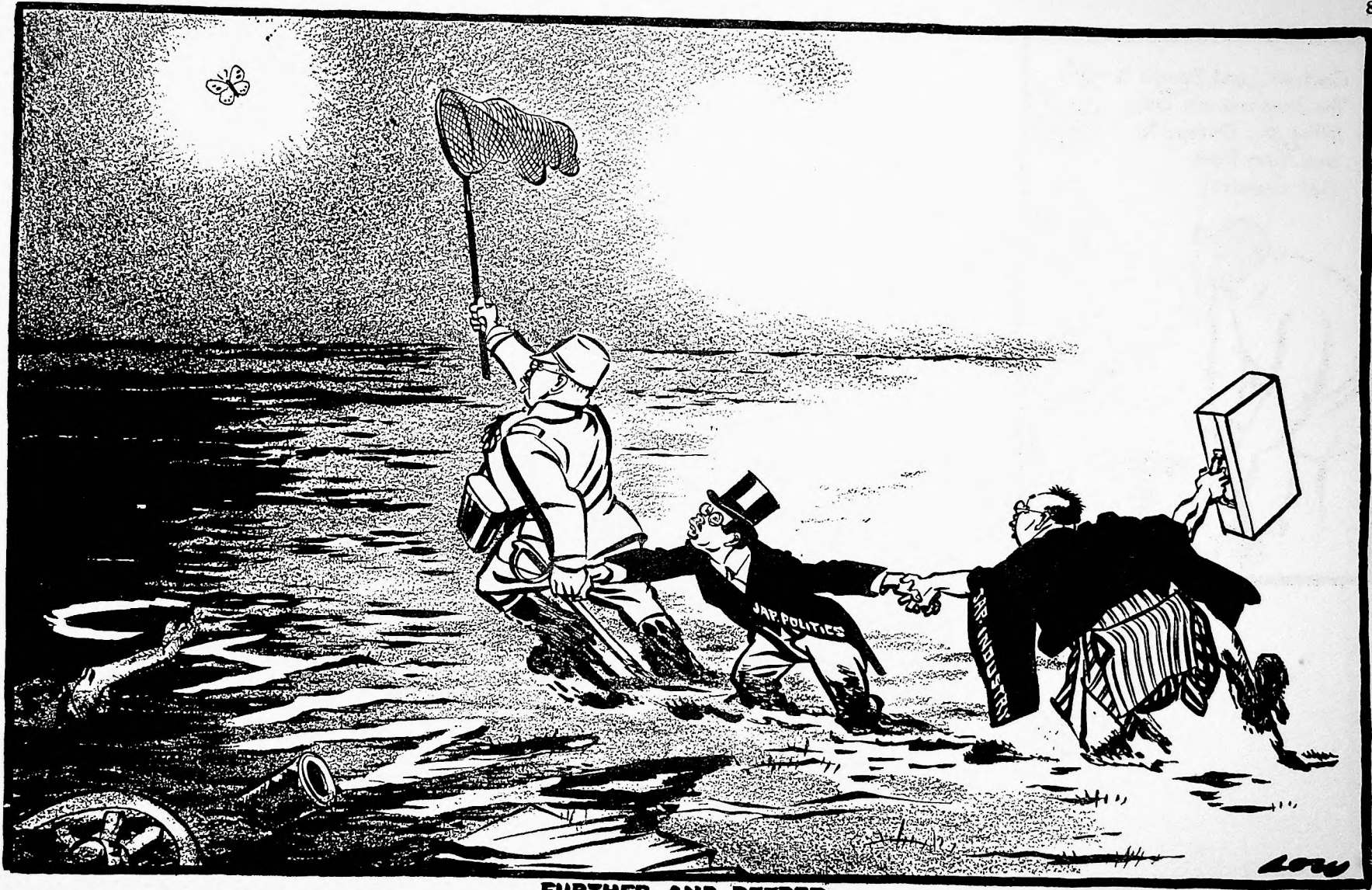
"Fellow Colonels! These dam Spaniards refuse in the most dastardly fashion to be saved by the Army from their beastly Government just because they elected it. You can't have people telling the Army what to do. Gad, it's disloyal. To stop the Army from busting the whole show is destructive of law and order, that's what it is. The whole thing's Bolshevism, of course. Everybody knows the Bolshies want to destroy Democracy, therefore you have them in Spain defending it....I mean ter say... what's that?...Well anyhow, it's Bolshevism..

STOP PRESS

Major Moron and the 49th Boneheads are attacking from the North. Low has retired to the plunge-pool and is pretending to be a battleship.



IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.



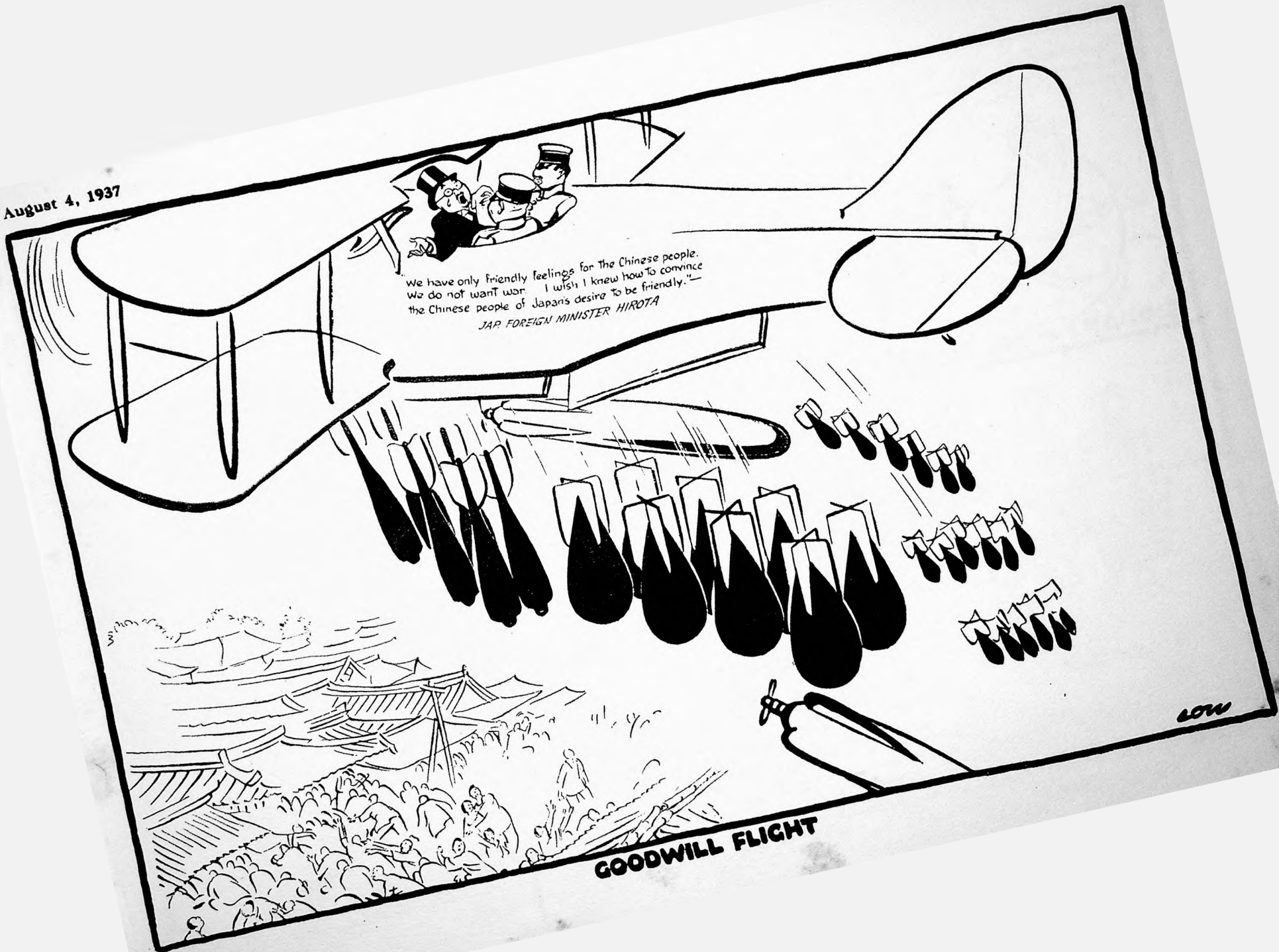
FURTHER AND DEEPER.

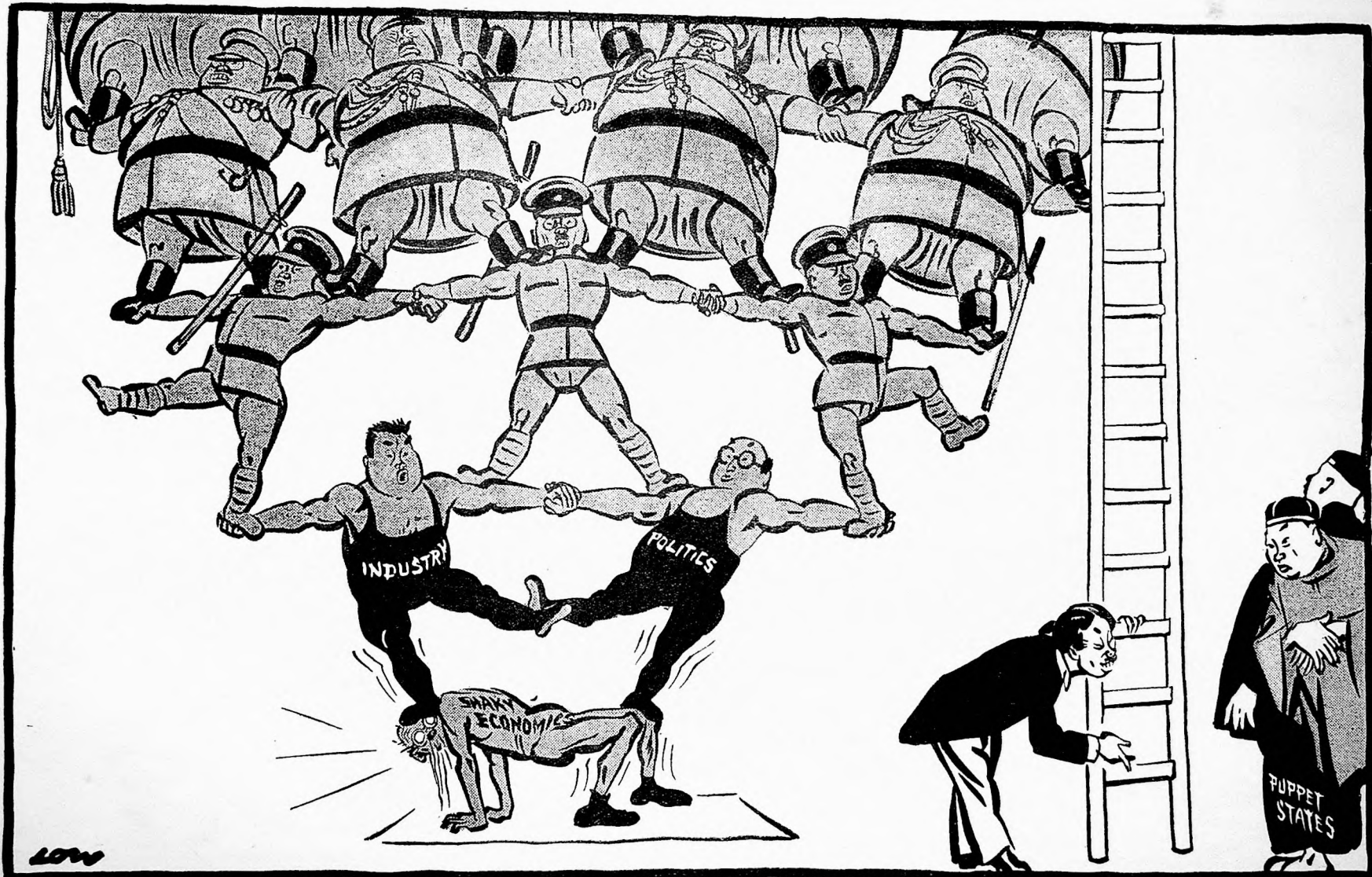
August 4, 1937

We have only friendly feelings for the Chinese people.
We do not want war. I wish I knew how to convince
the Chinese people of Japan's desire to be friendly."
JAP FOREIGN MINISTER HIROTA

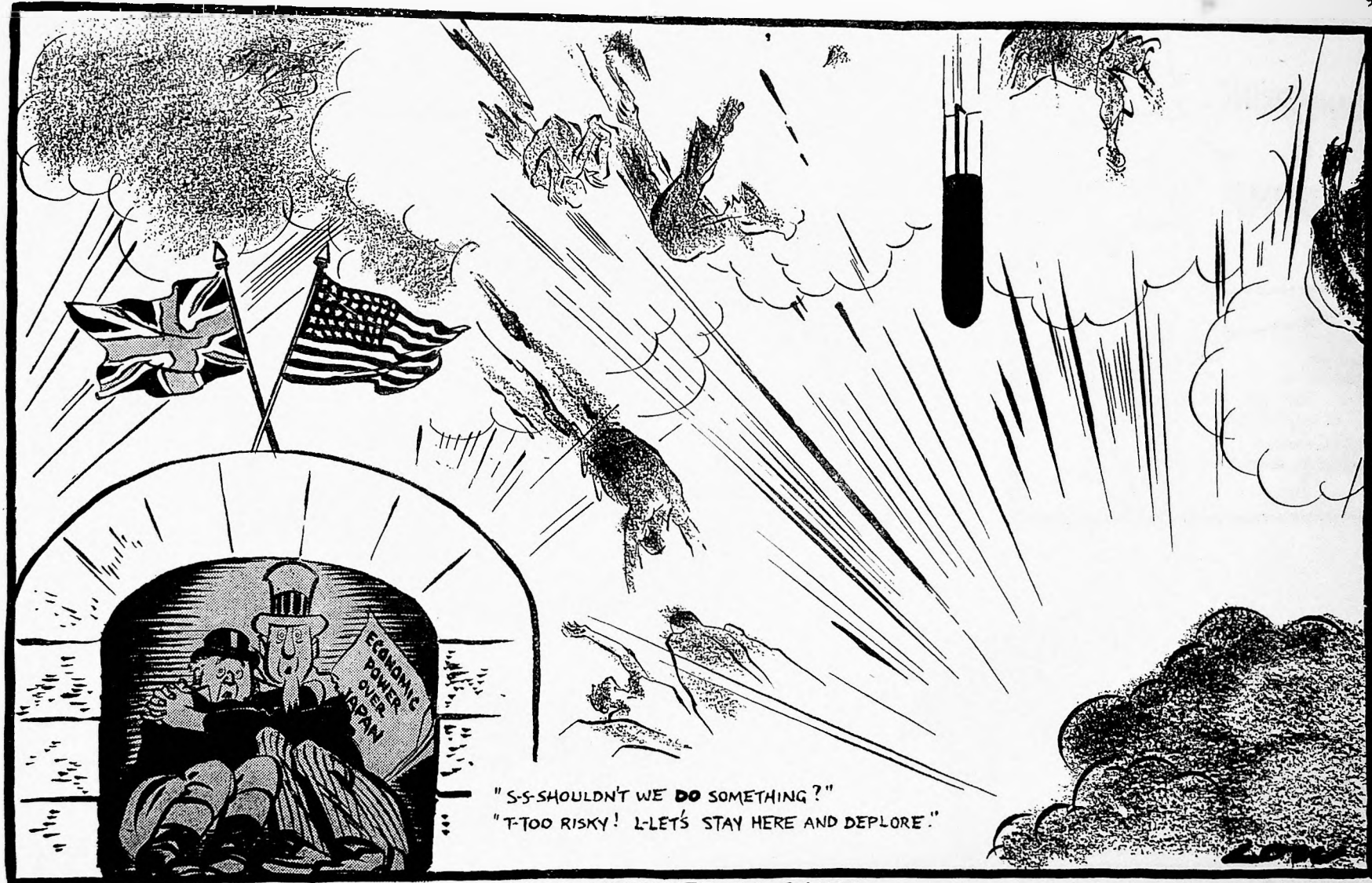
GOODWILL FLIGHT

LOW





JAPANESE BALANCING ACT.

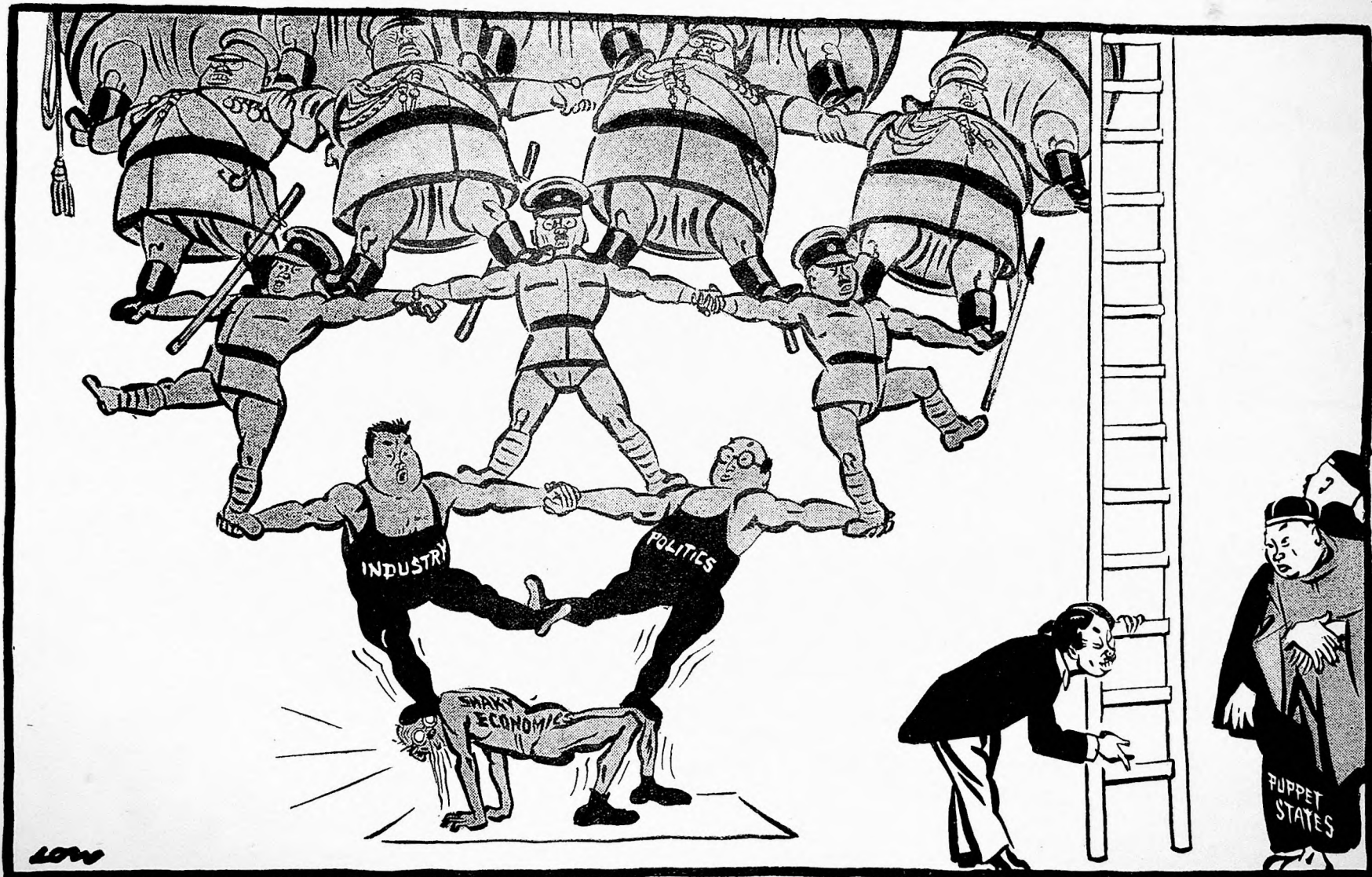


"S-S-SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING?"
"T-TOO RISKY! L-LET'S STAY HERE AND DEPLORE."

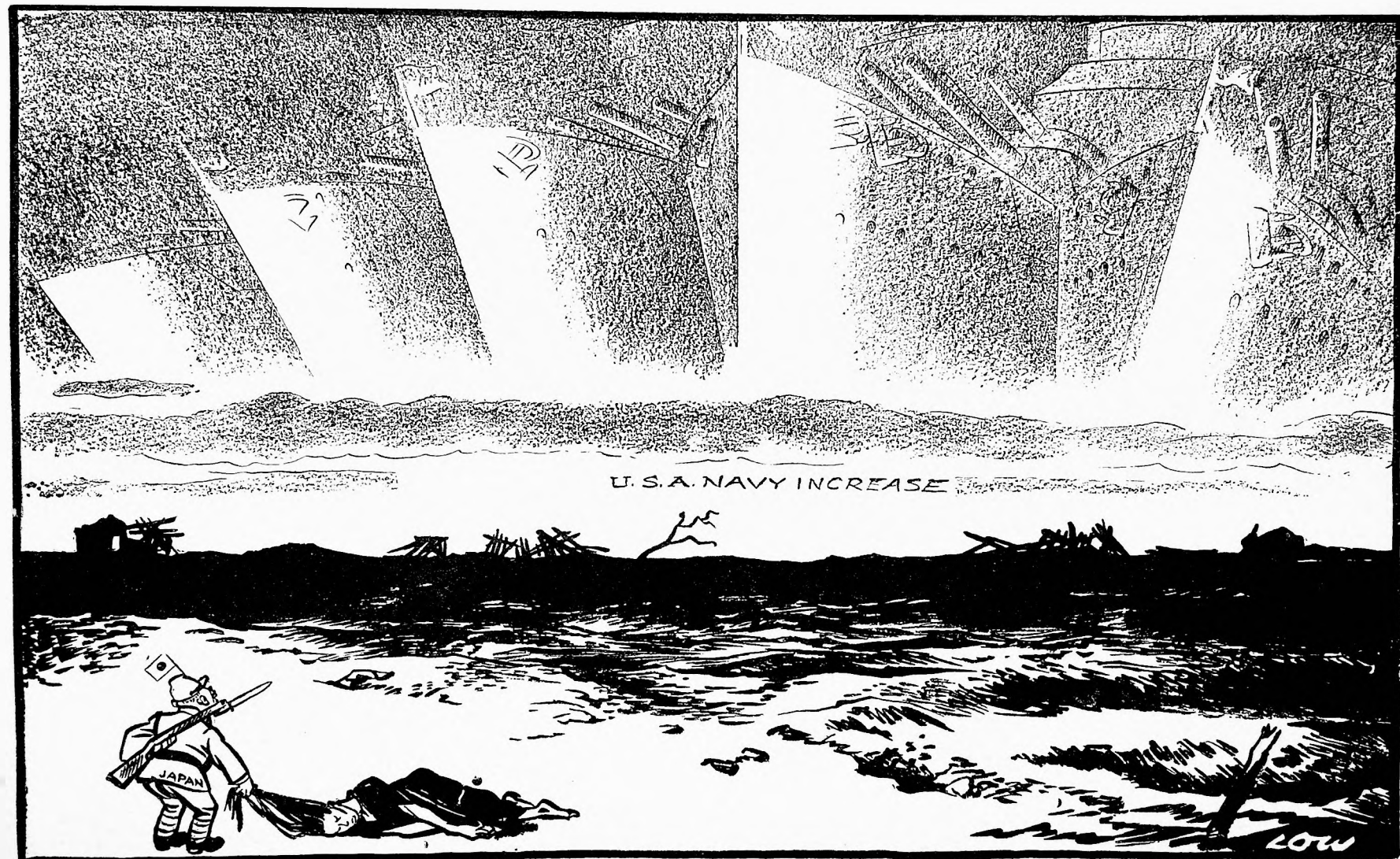
MASS MURDER IN CHINA.



THE HUMANE TOUCH.



JAPANESE BALANCING ACT.

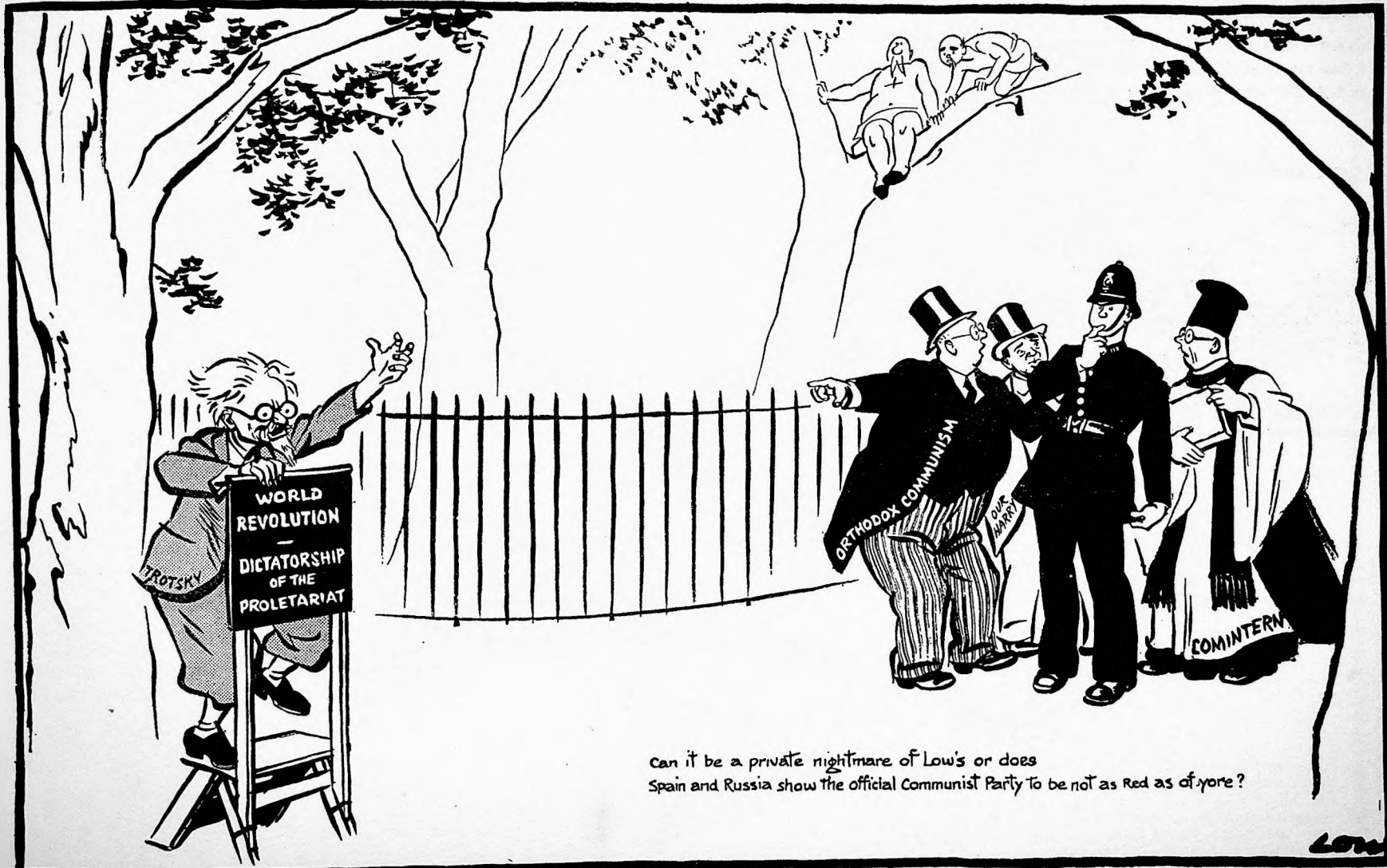


AURORA AMERICANSIS.

LOW

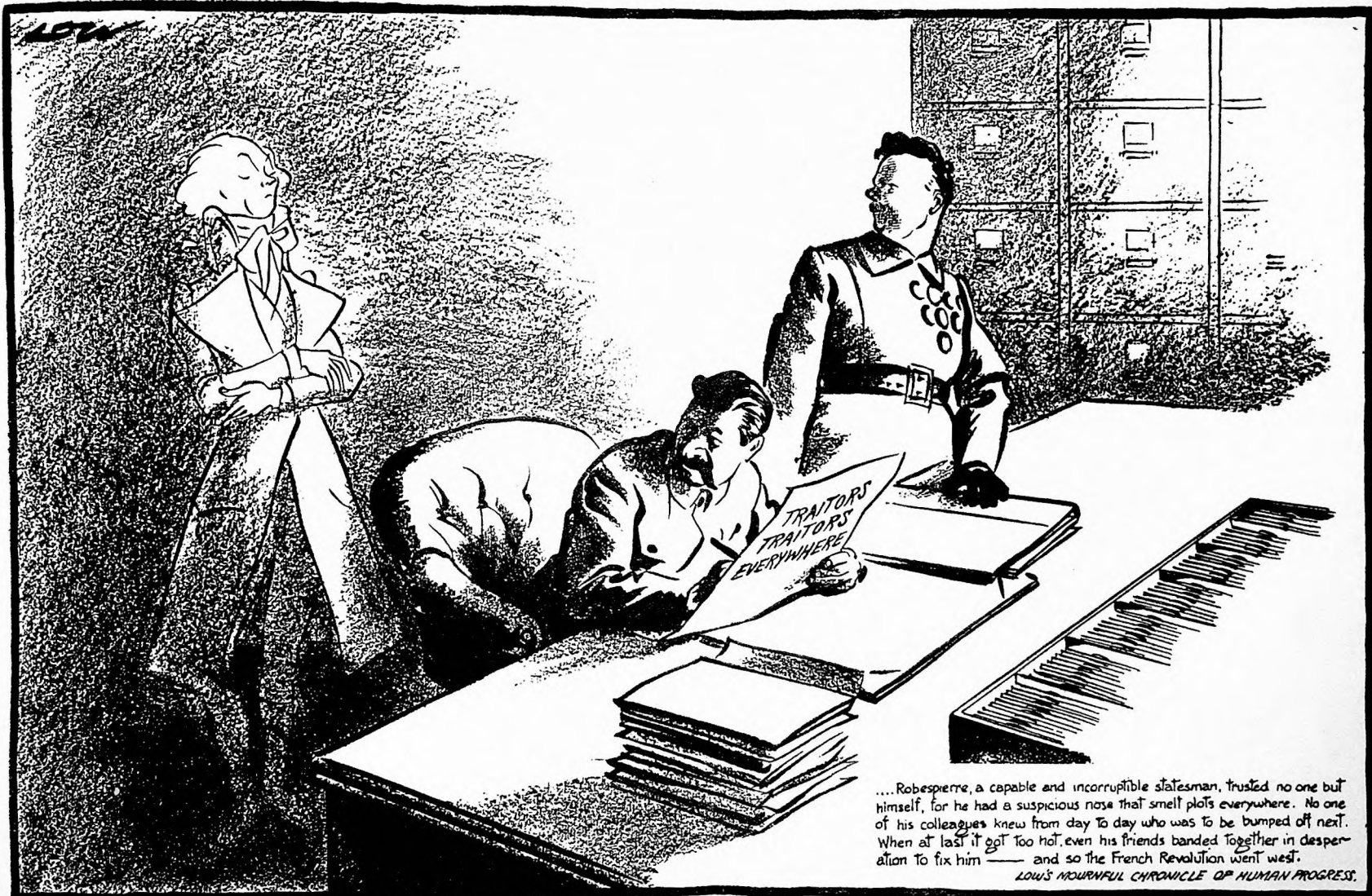


SOVIET ADVERTISMENT - GOOD AND BAD.



Can it be a private nightmare of Low's or does Spain and Russia show the official Communist Party to be not as Red as of yore?

"BUT, OFFICER, — THE MAN'S A DANGEROUS RED!"



....Robespierre, a capable and incorruptible statesman, trusted no one but himself, for he had a suspicious nose that smelt plots everywhere. No one of his colleagues knew from day to day who was to be bumped off next. When at last it got too hot, even his friends banded together in desperation to fix him — and so the French Revolution went west.

LOW'S MOURNFUL CHRONICLE OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

"YOU TOO, MON AMI?"

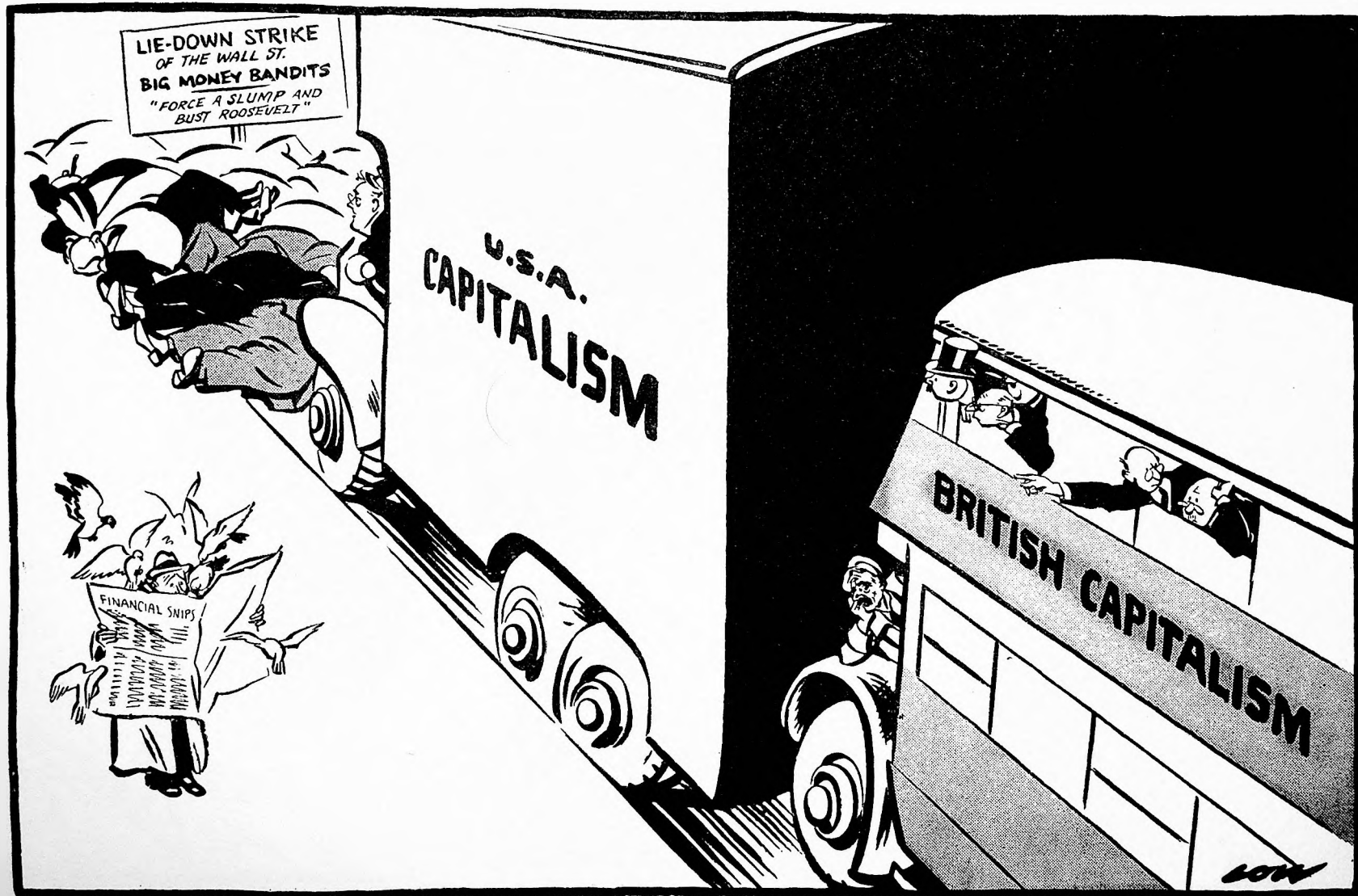


OLD MEN'S DAY IN U.S.A.

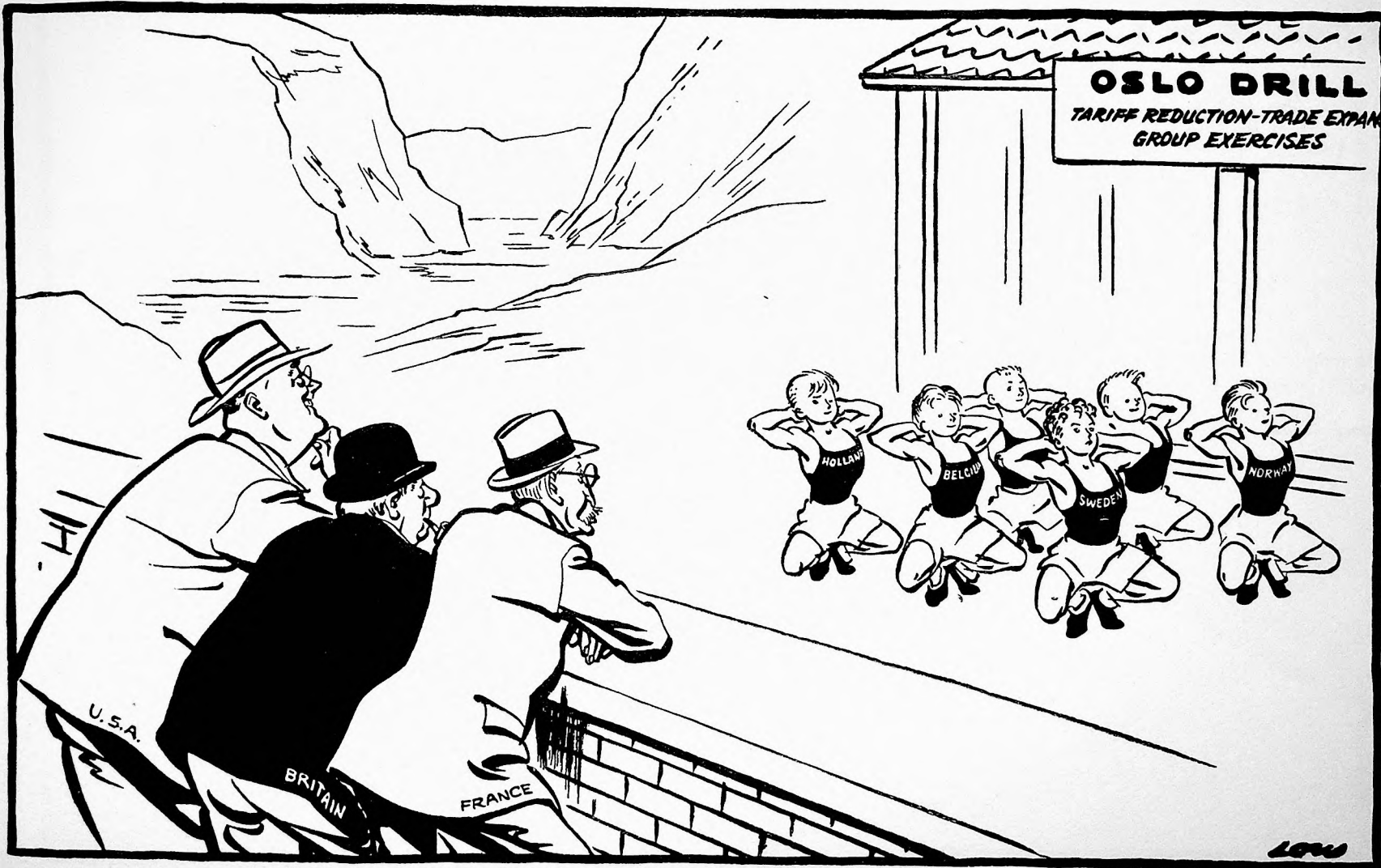
Behind the present industrial trouble in U.S.A. lies the struggle for fundamental principles of Trade Unionism already conceded by Roosevelt and accepted ages ago in Britain.



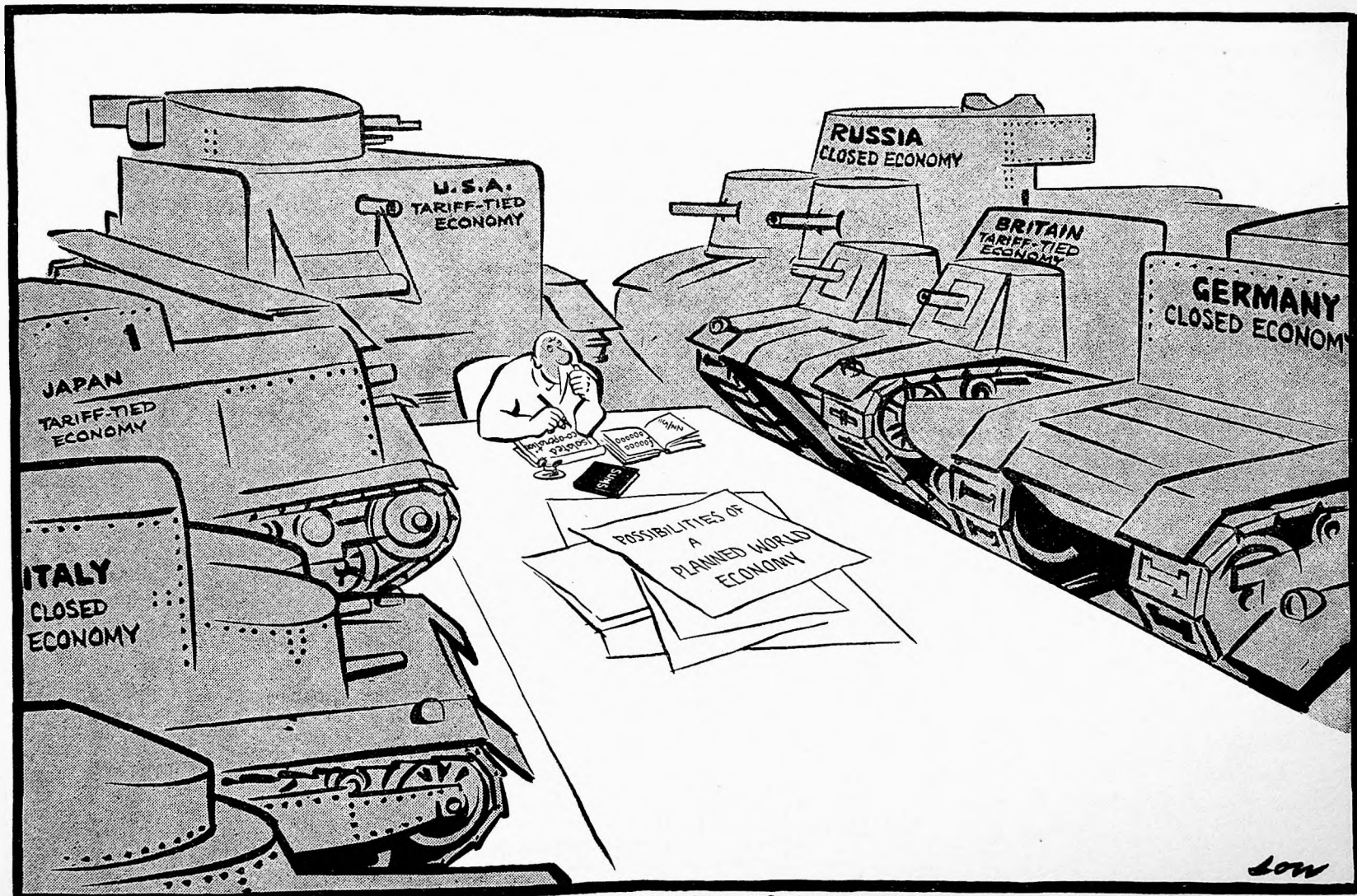
MORE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS.



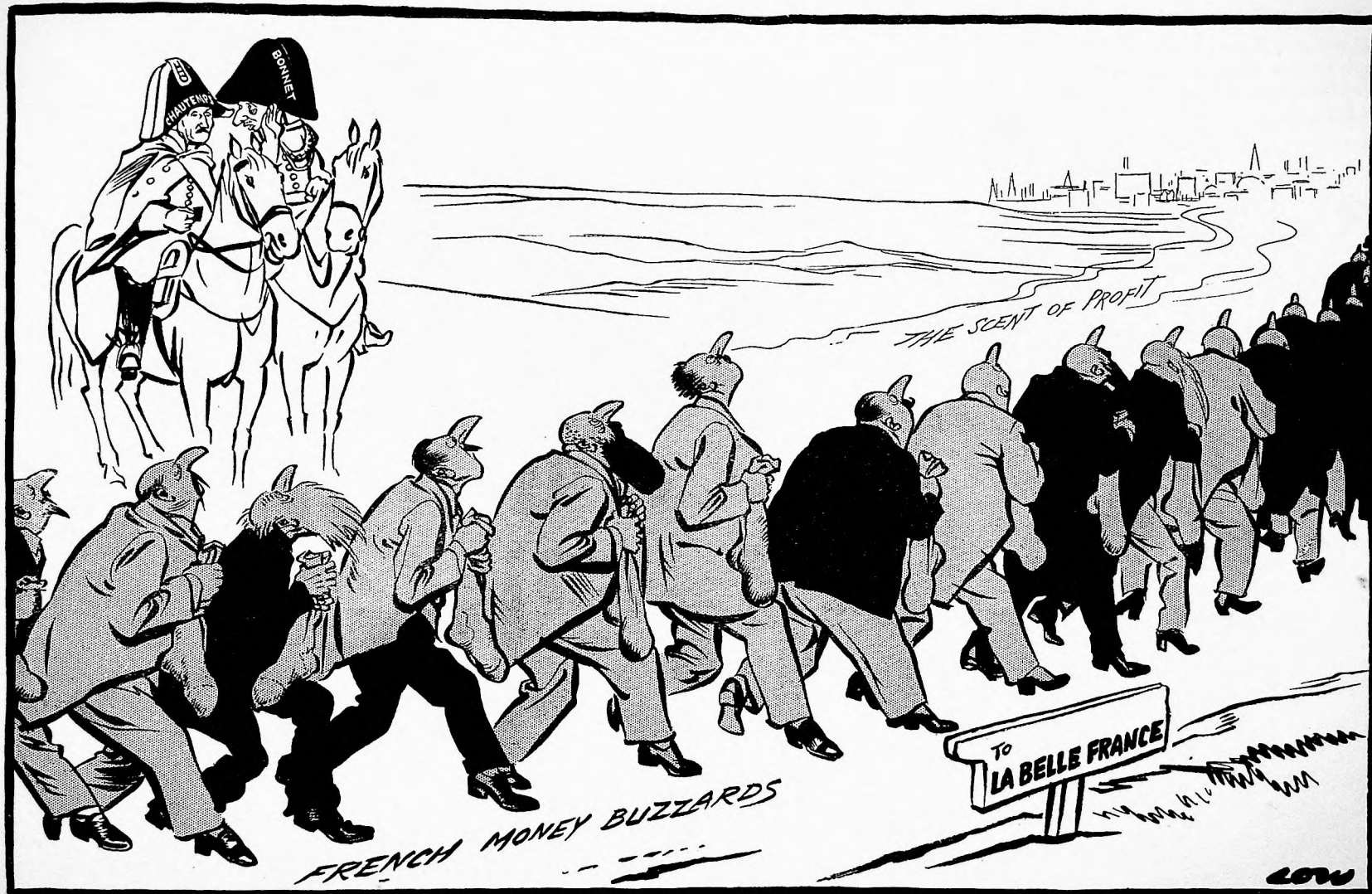
WHAT'S HOLDING EVERYTHING UP ?



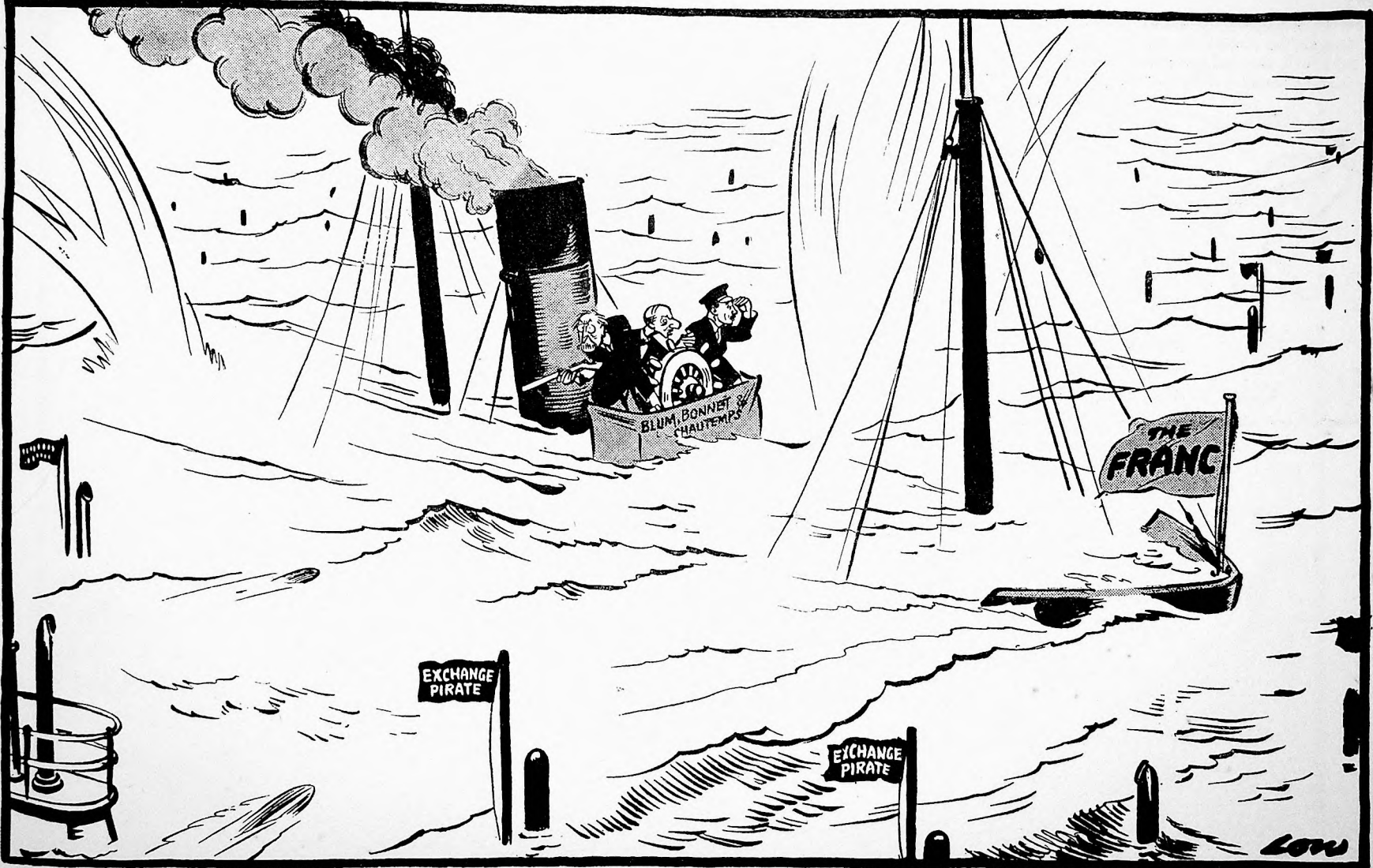
"HMM....ONE MIGHT DO WORSE THAN TRY A BIT O' THAT ONESELF..."



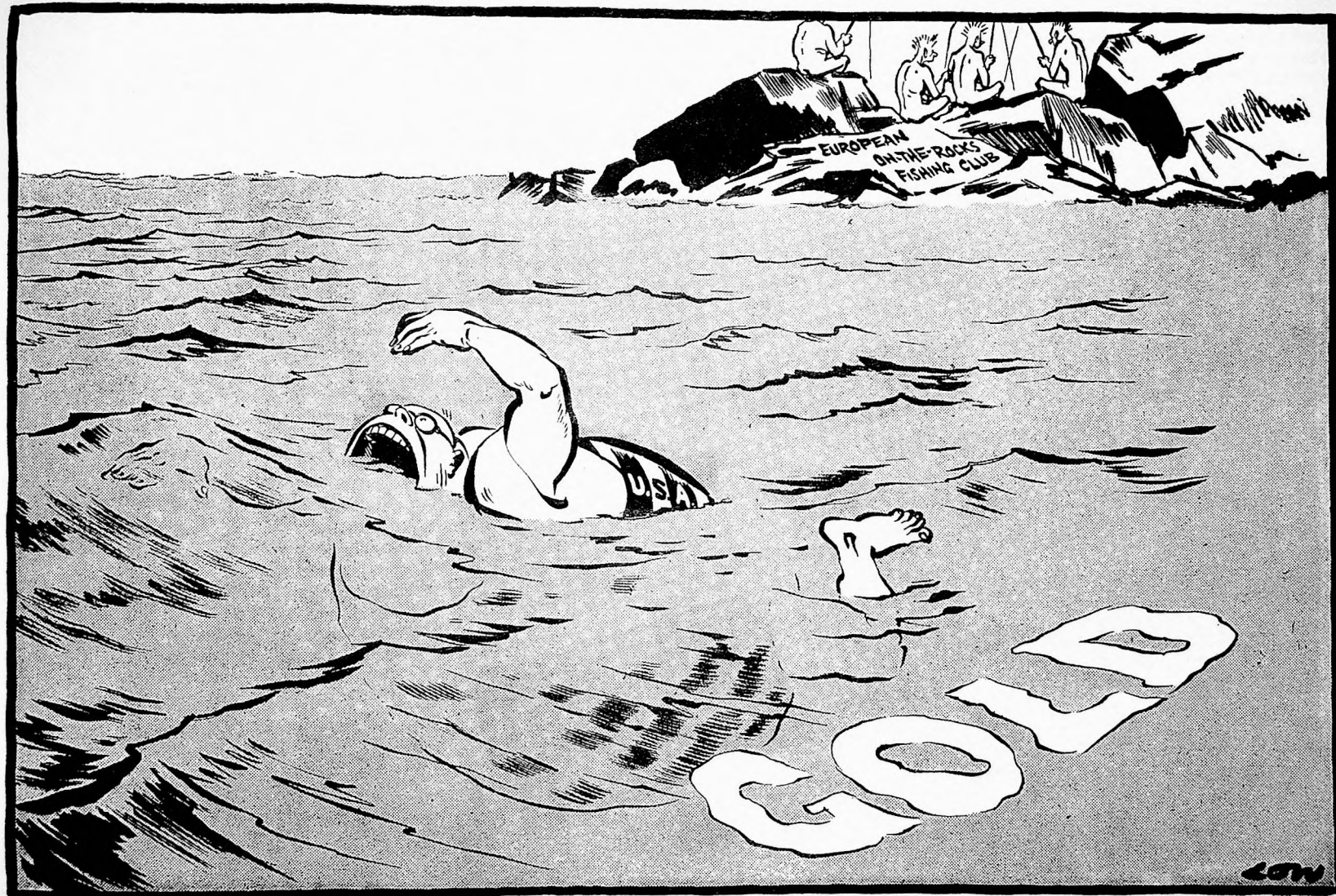
MADHOUSE BUSINESS CONFERENCE.



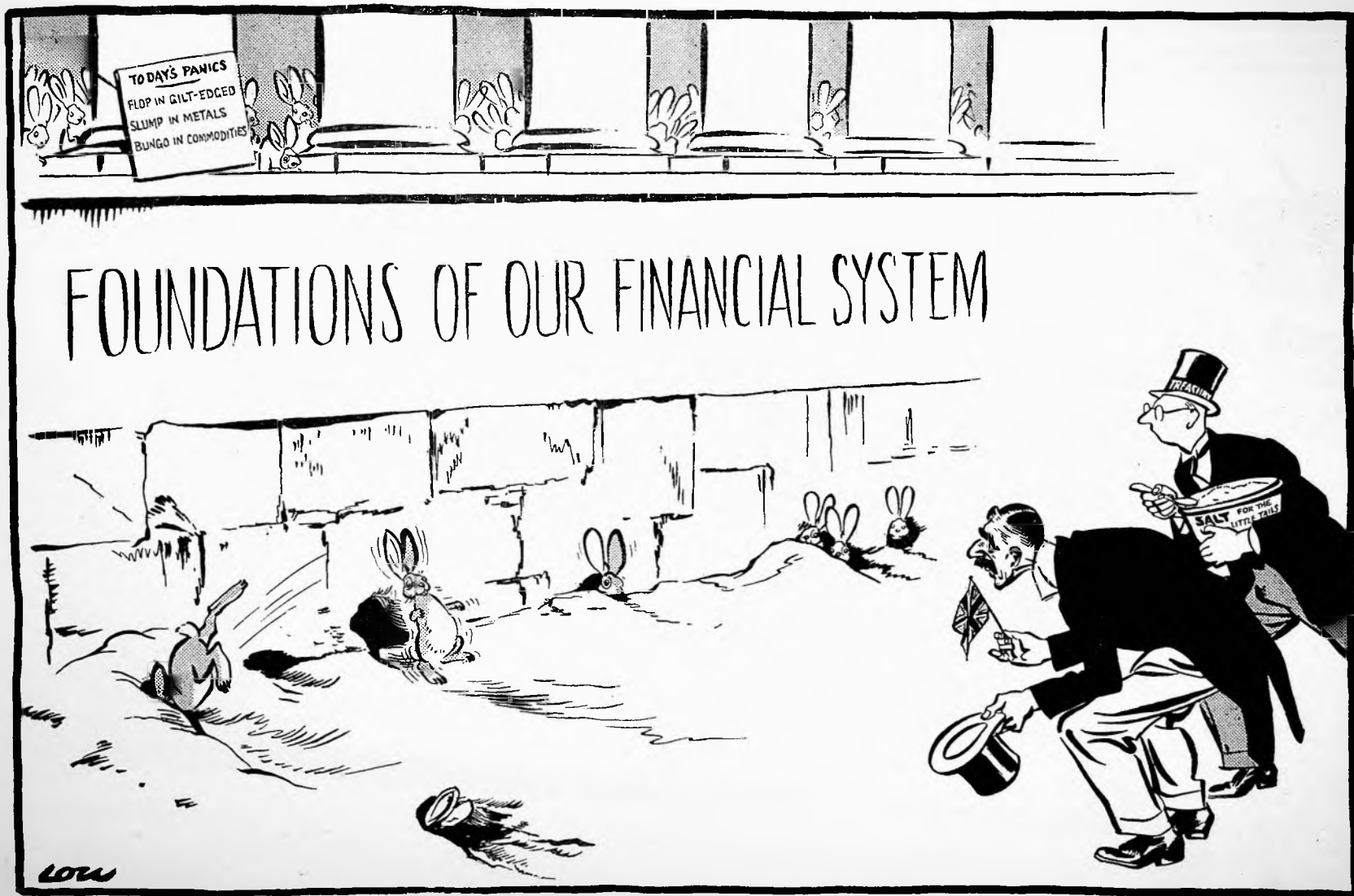
"ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE...EE...AH...."



MORE PIRACY.



SWALLOWING UP THE OCEAN TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM DROWNING.



THE CITY OF DREADFUL FRIGHT.

"No one doubts the willingness of the Govt. to do something to allay the fears of Industry and Commerce; but it is becoming painfully evident that they have not the faintest idea of how to start about it." *Mr. Homo Sapiens, M.P.*



THE MAN WHO CAN'T LOSE HIS SHADOW.



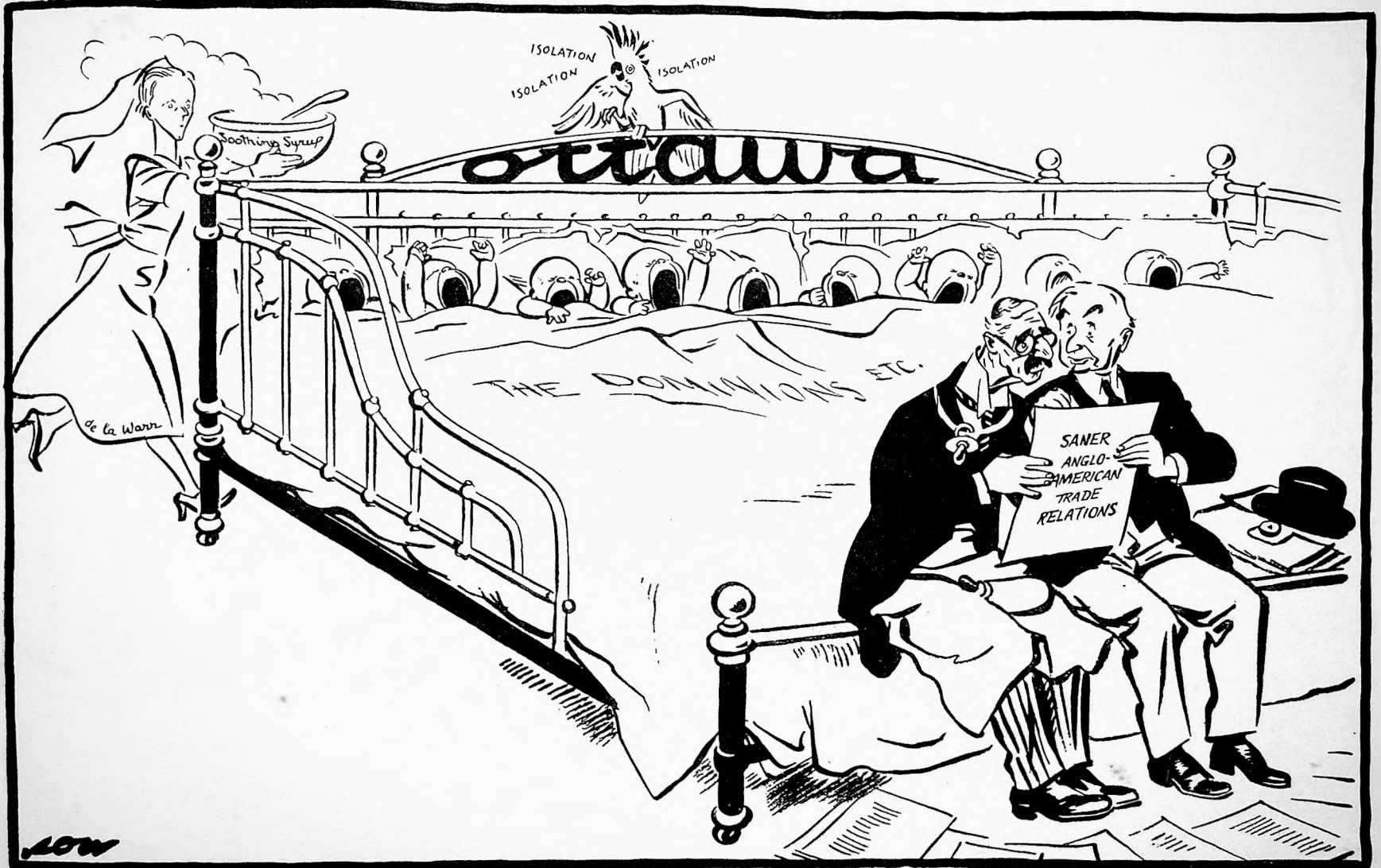
"THE FELLER OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED! ENCOURAGING RAIN!"



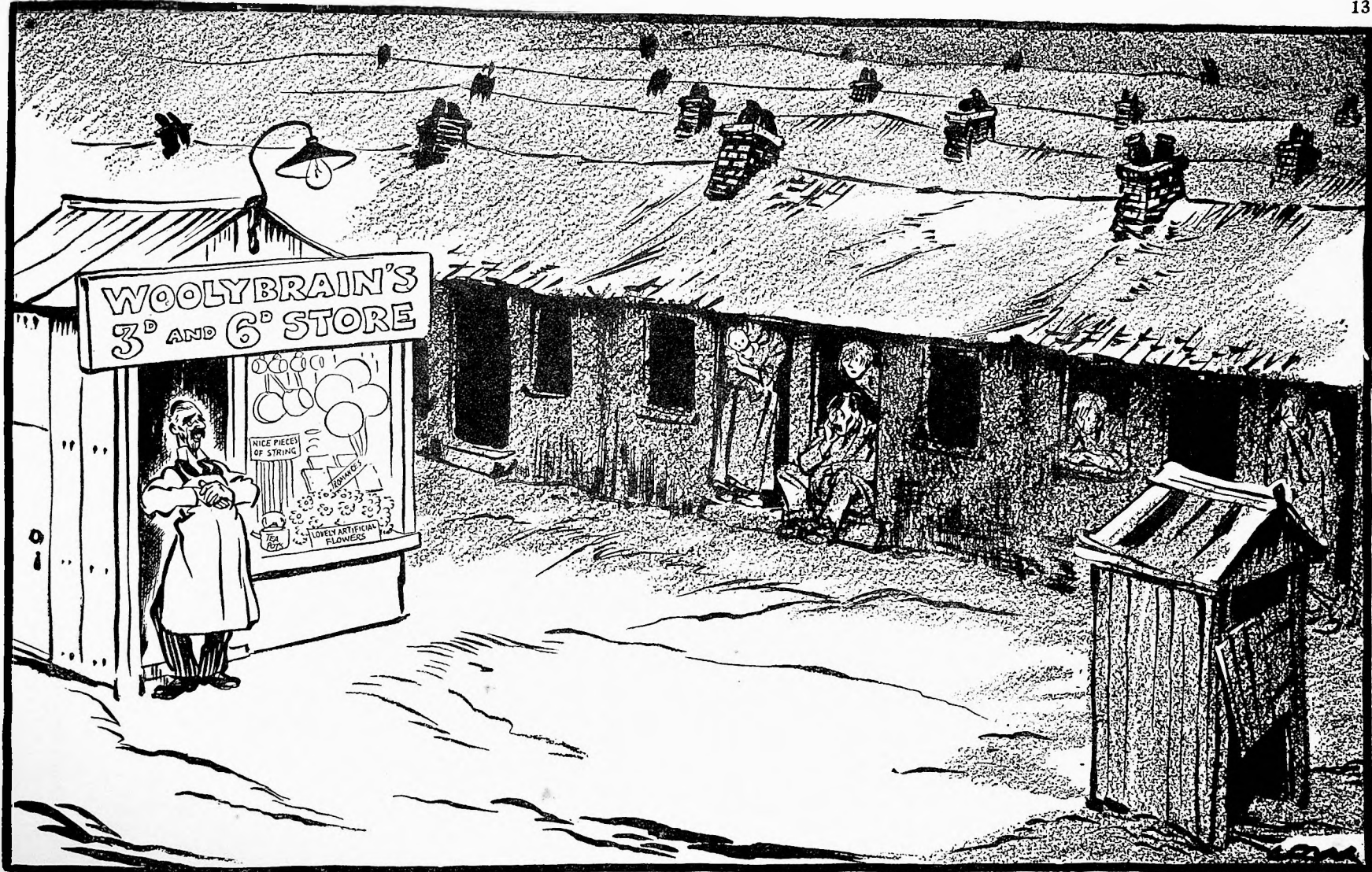
PUTTING THE MOCK IN DEMOCRACY.



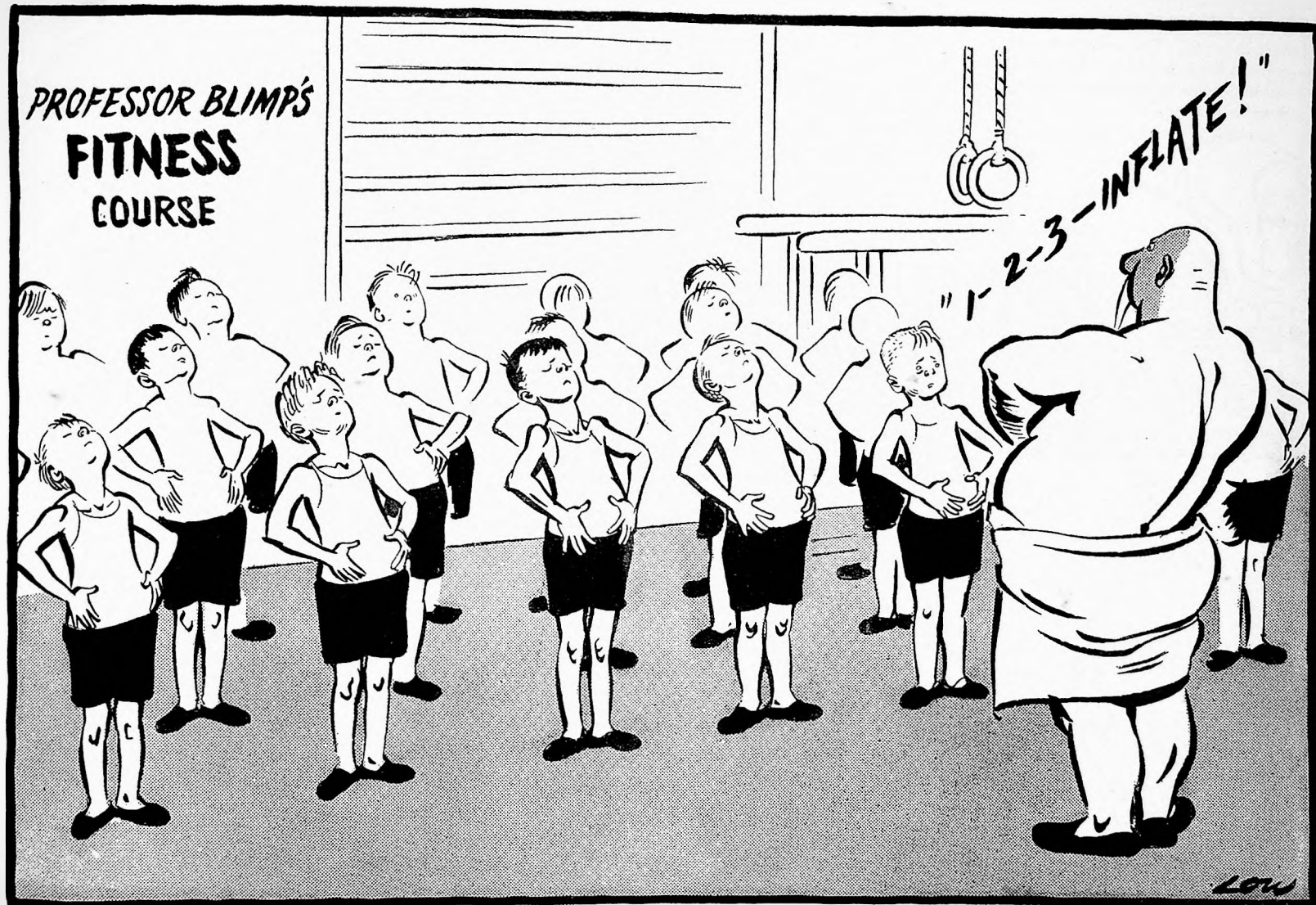
"DON'T FORGET I'M A RELATION, TOO."



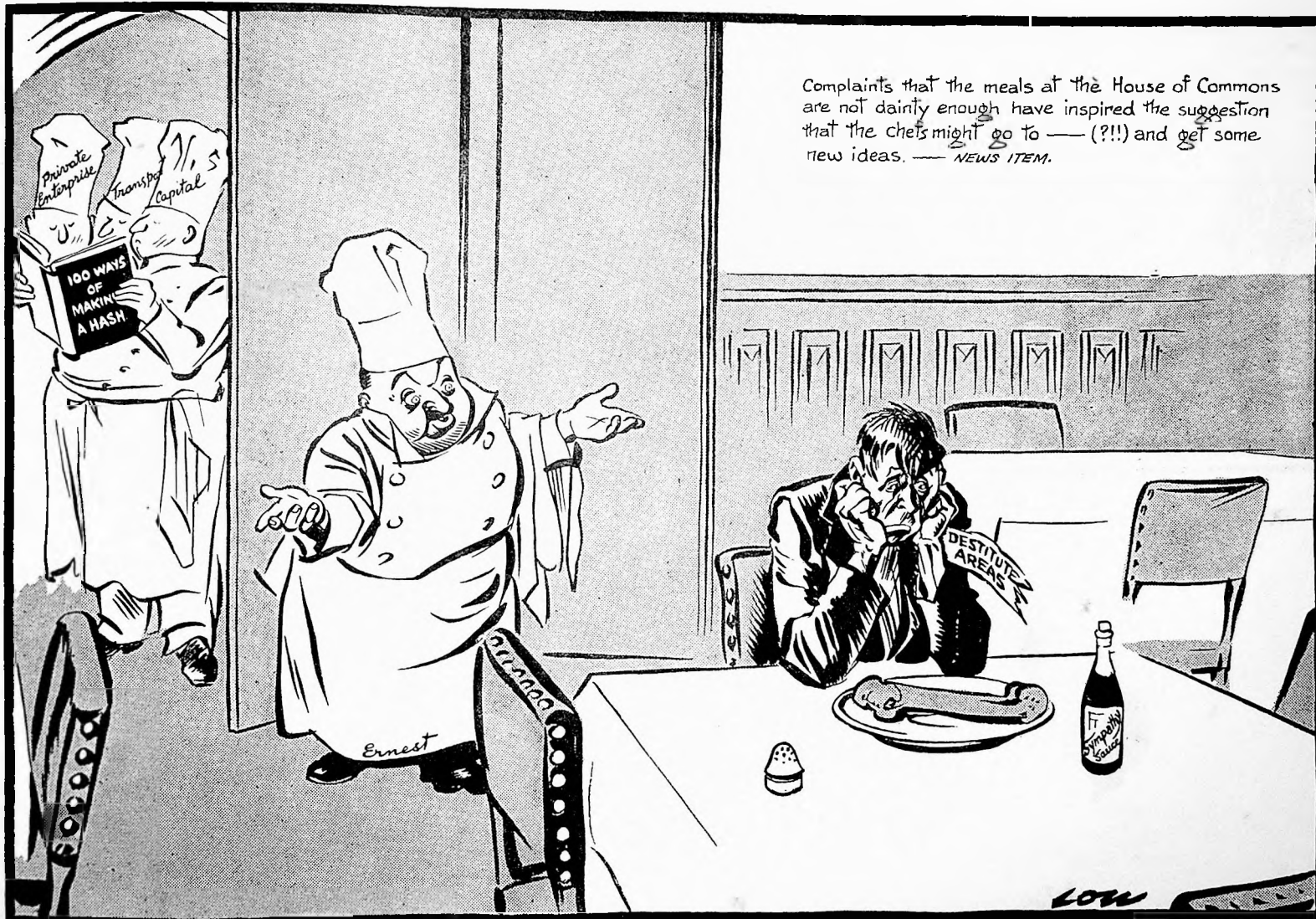
NEGOTIATIONS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



GREAT OUTBREAK OF PROSPERITY IN THE DEPRESSED AREAS.

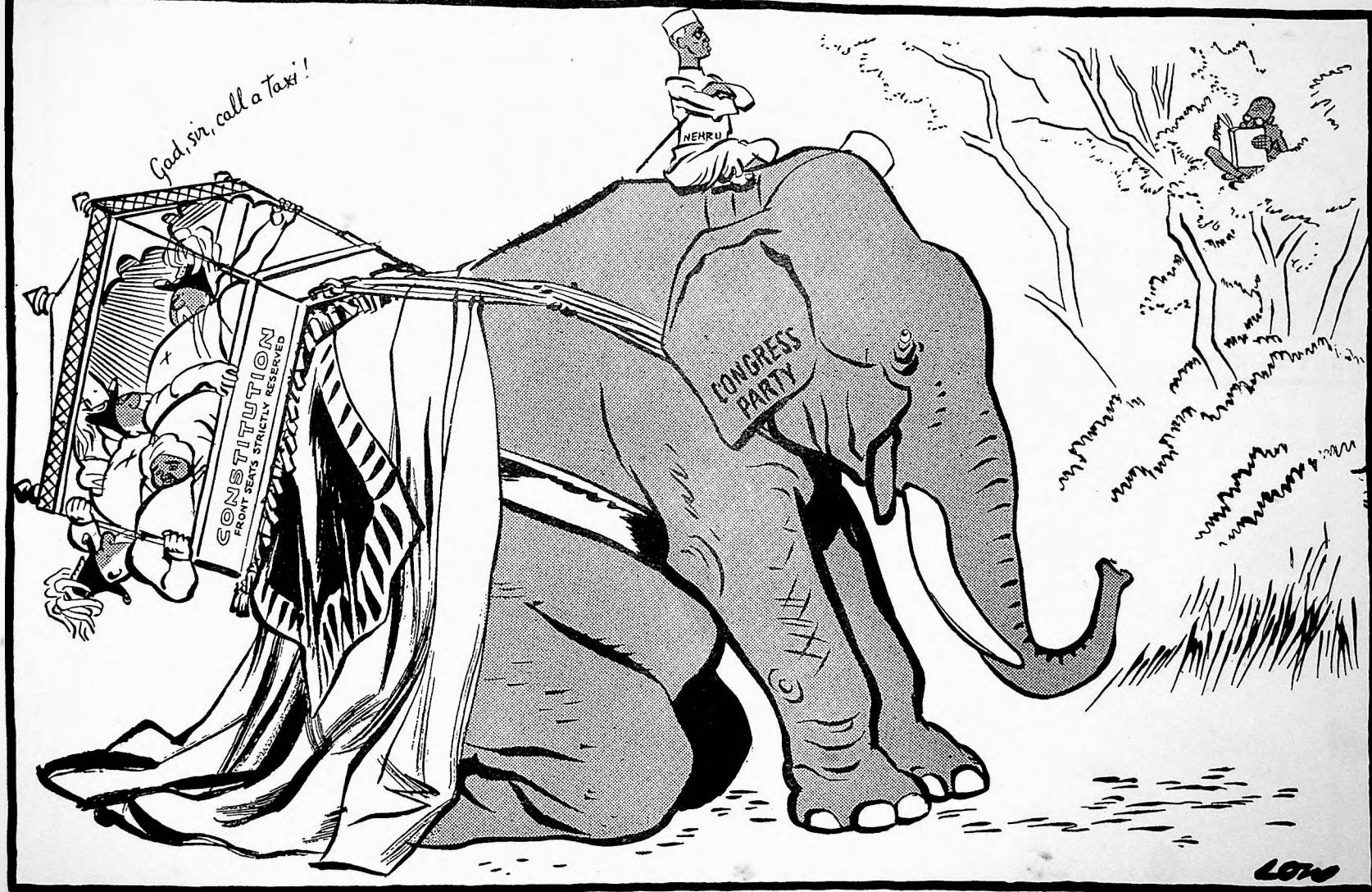


FREE MEALS FOR THE UNDERNOURISHED



Complaints that the meals at the House of Commons are not dainty enough have inspired the suggestion that the chefs might go to — (?!!) and get some new ideas. — NEWS ITEM.

TO-DAY'S SPECIAL.

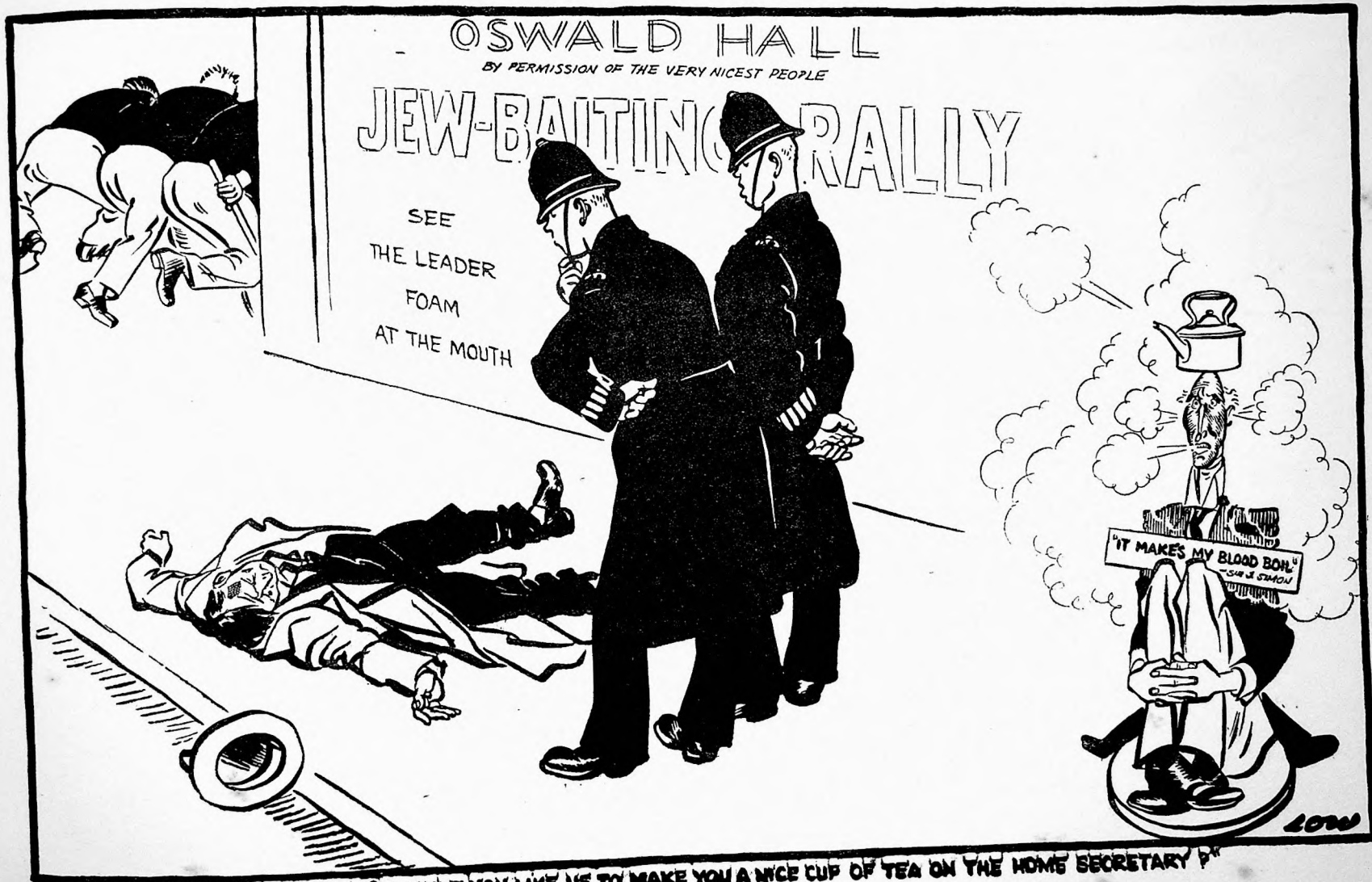


LOW

SIT-DOWN STRIKE IN INDIA.



PROPOSAL BY PROXY.

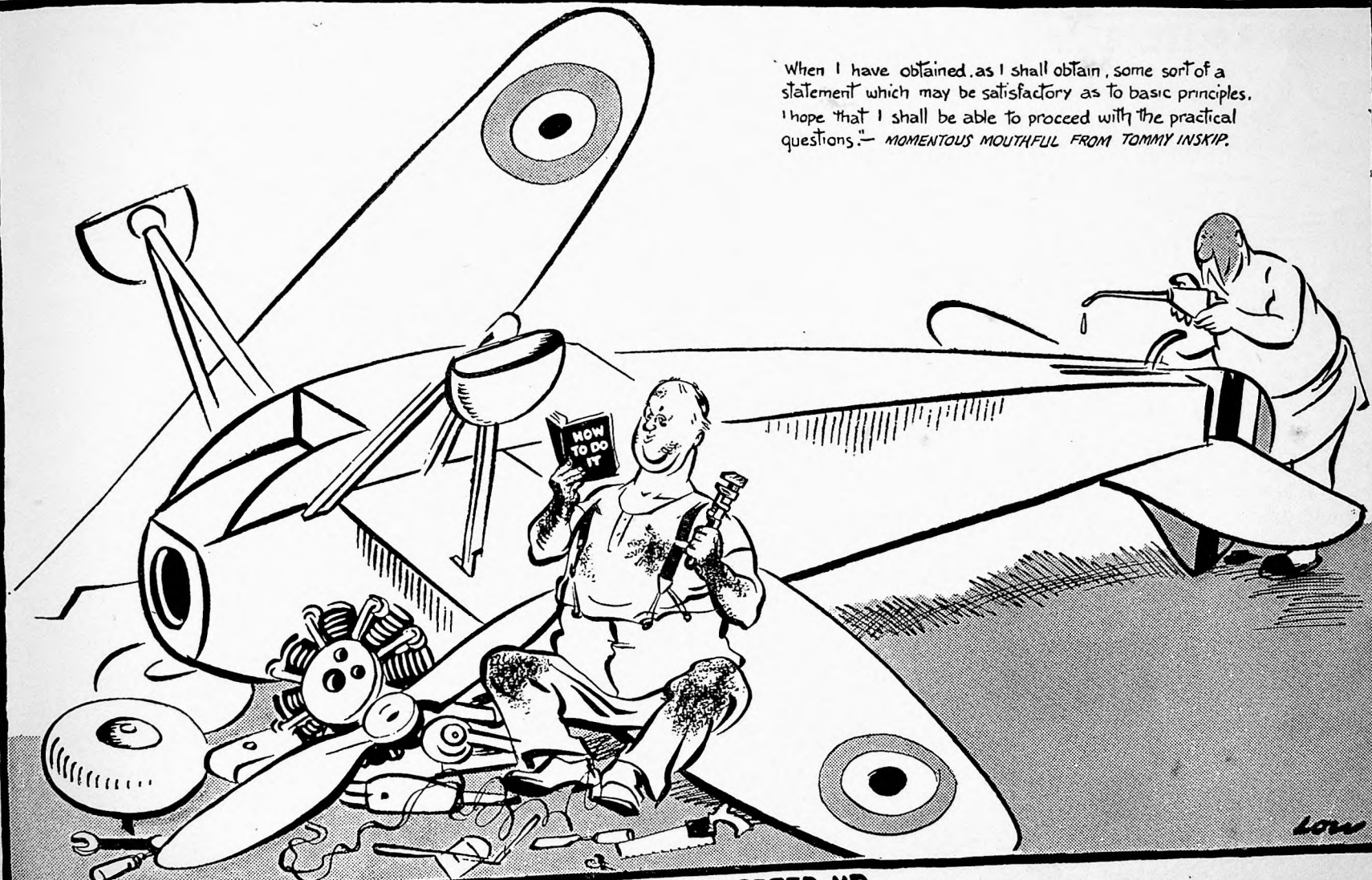


"JUMPED ON, WERE YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE US TO MAKE YOU A NICE CUP OF TEA ON THE HOME SECRETARY?"



STANDING ROOM ONLY.

When I have obtained, as I shall obtain, some sort of a statement which may be satisfactory as to basic principles, I hope that I shall be able to proceed with the practical questions."— MOMENTOUS MOUTHFUL FROM TOMMY INSKIP.



BIG ARMS SPEED-UP.

Low

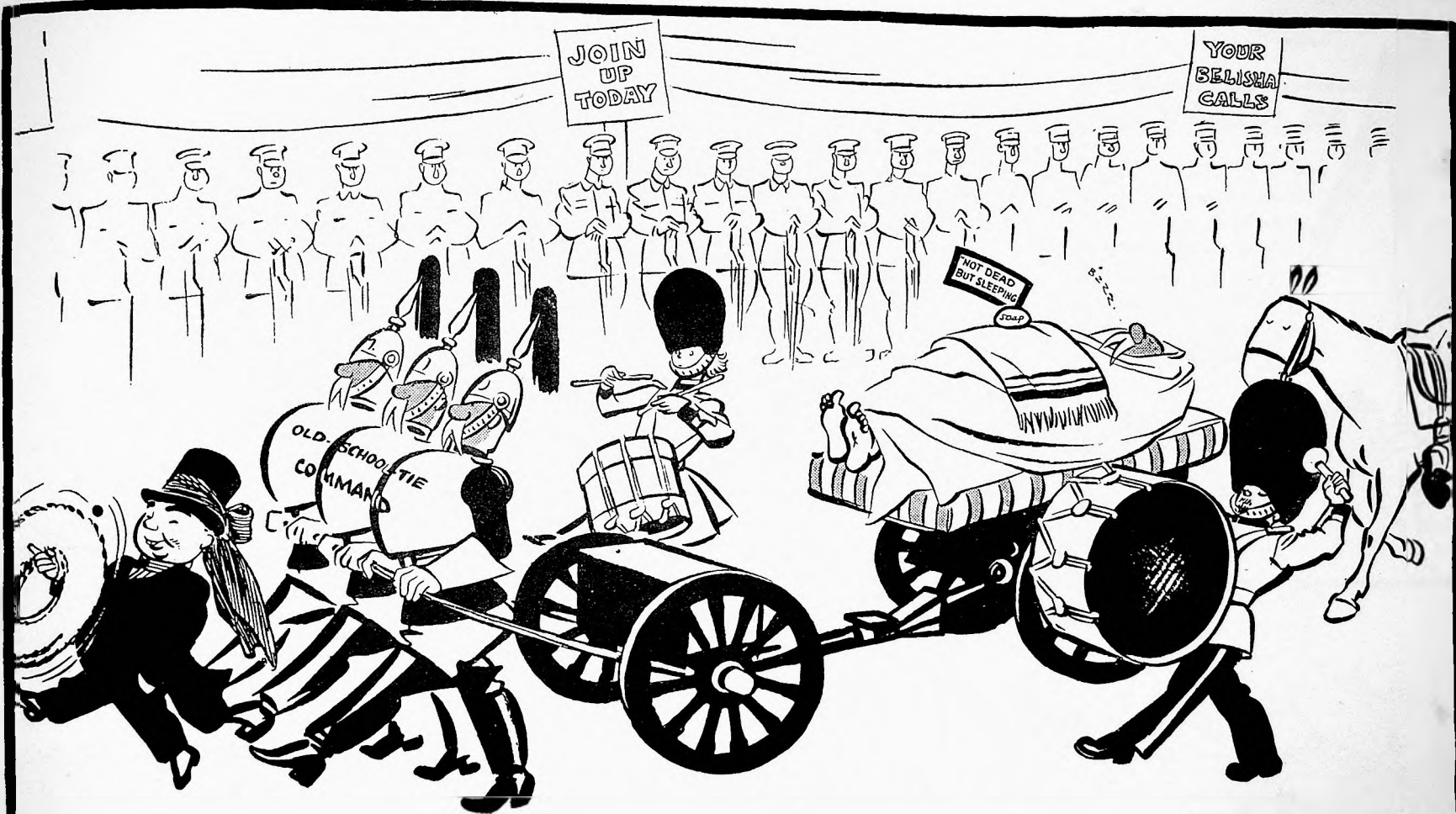


Geoffrey LLOYD: "Now gentlemen, imagine that this is an air raid. We are buried under 5000 tons of collapsed buildings. It will take a month to dig us out. We will now have lunch."

Tommy INSKIP: "Oh, lor! I've forgotten the sandwiches."

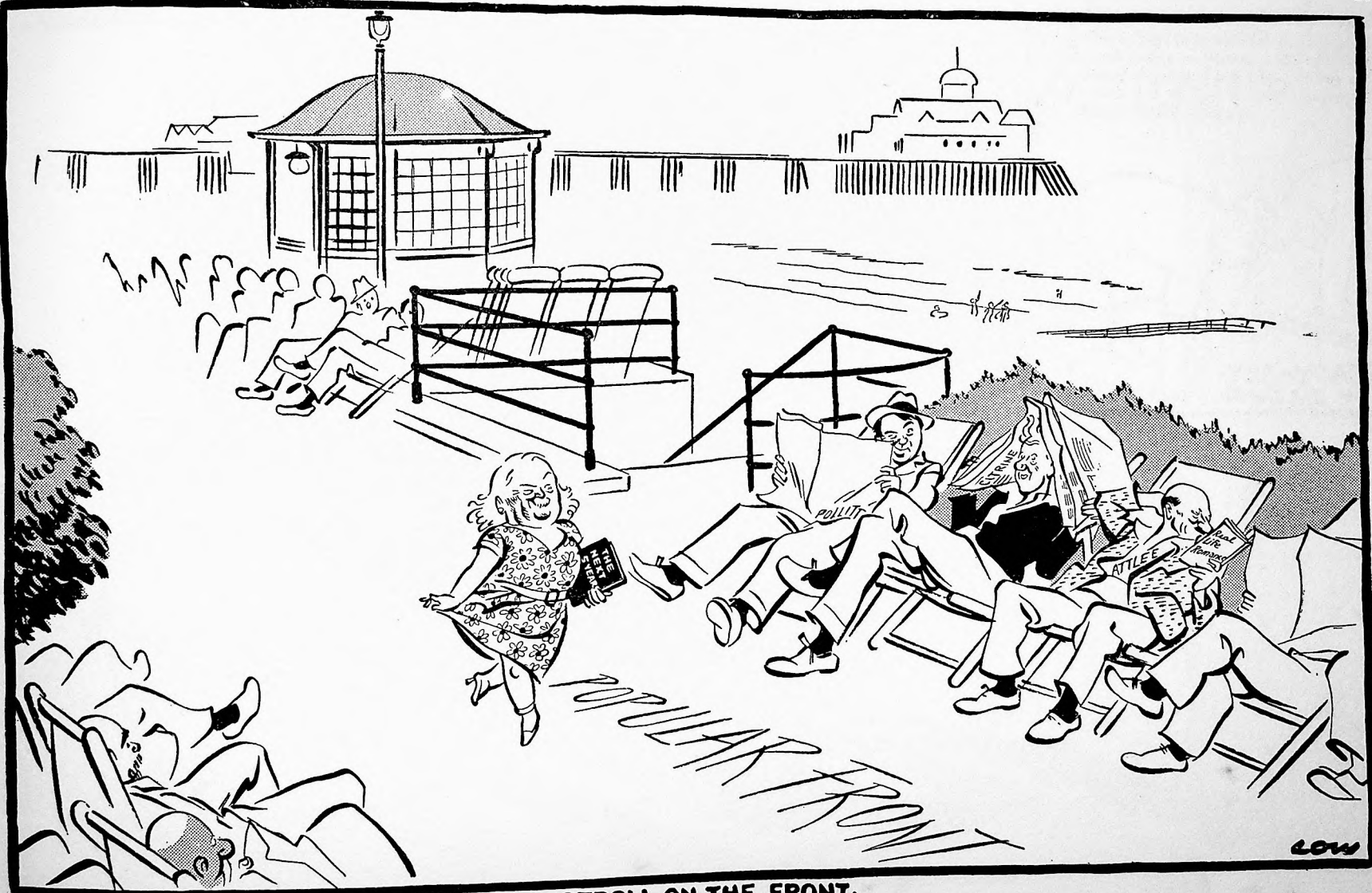
Low

TRIAL BLACK-OUT.

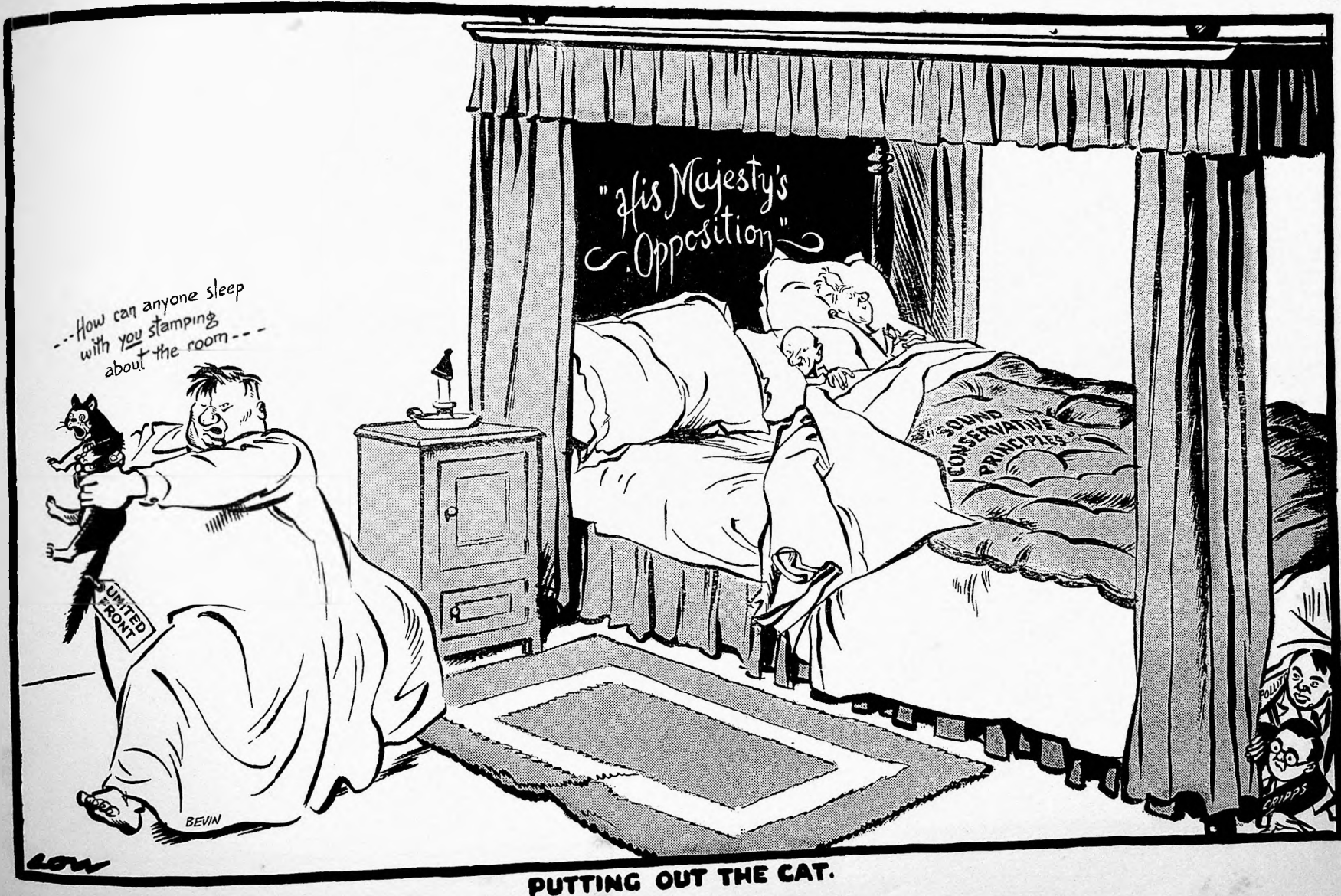


"Colonel Blimp is a figment. Let us have a little ceremony and bury him here today."— says Mr. Hore Belisha, War Minister, thereby uttering a ridiculous slander and conveying an impossible threat.

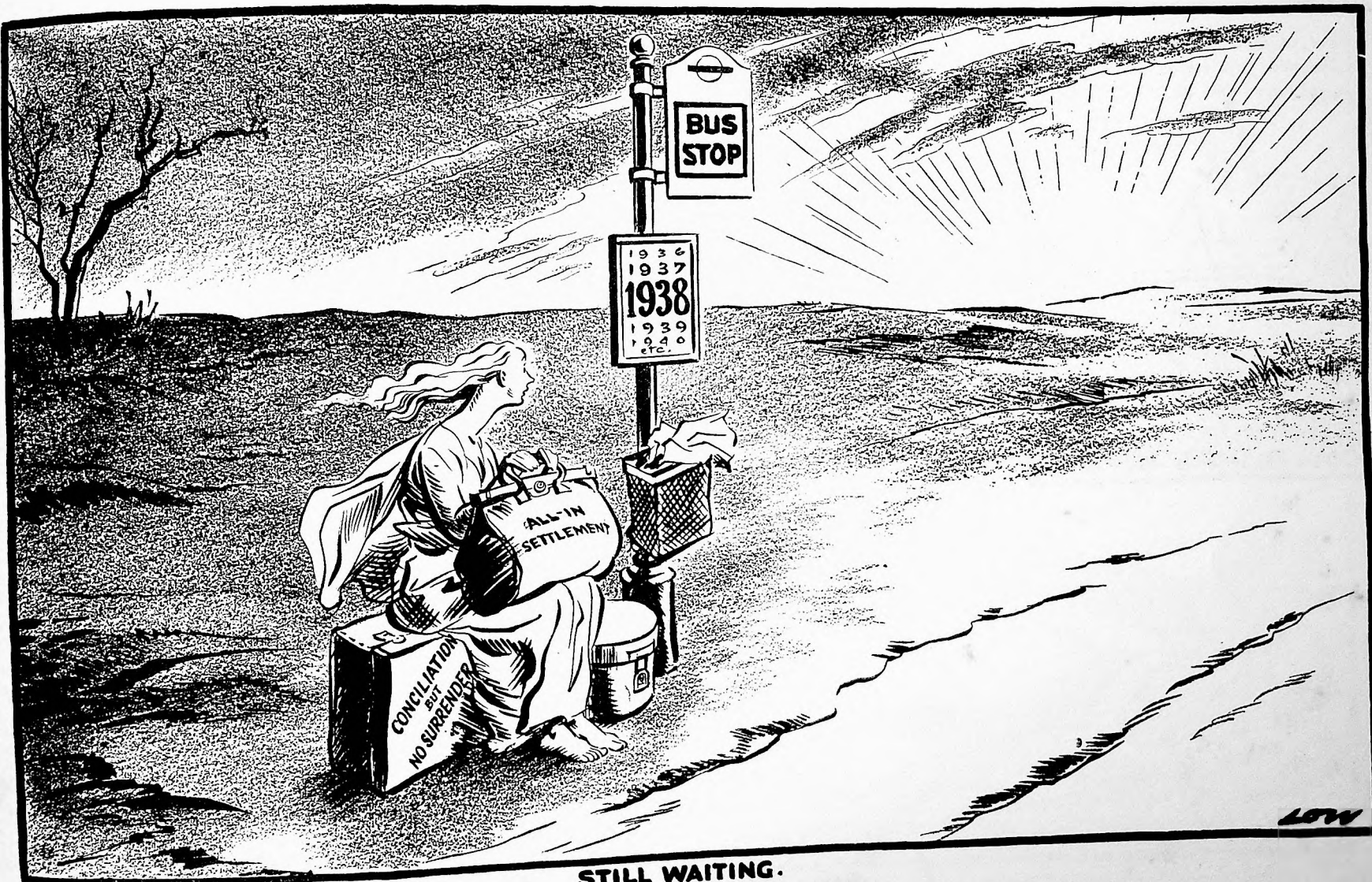
MILITARY FUNERAL.



STROLL ON THE FRONT.



PUTTING OUT THE CAT.



STILL WAITING.



SING HEY FOR THE OPEN ROAD.

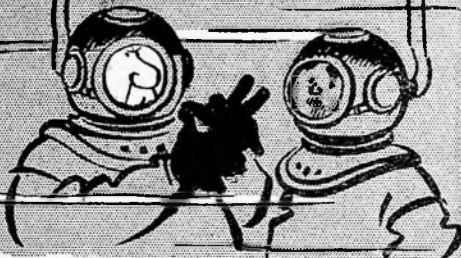
INDEX TO CARTOONS

IN THE MELTING POT AGAIN	9	THE ALL-IN HYPNOTIC PERSONALITY CHAMPIONSHIP	59
POLITICAL BRITISH ASSOCIATION	11	"THOUGH EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES"	61
FOSTER MOTHER.	13	THE PATRIOTS	63
COOKED TOUR	15	SEEING RED	65
IN RETREAT	17	PROGRESS OF 'CIVILIZATION' IN SPAIN	67
NEMESIS RESTAURANT.	19	"YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT I'M BRINGING PEACE TO THE POOR SUFFERING BASQUES"	69
BLASPHEMY! NOT FIT FOR YOUNG EARS!	21	PROSPECT OF A DEAL	71
URGENT PREPARATIONS FOR THE WORLD FLOOD	23	"NOW REMEMBER, TONY, DON'T SIT DOWN"	73
WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH, PLEASE?	25	THE CLOAK	75
CELEBRATION DINNER.	27	OLD LOW'S ALMANACK	77
GUNS OR BUTTER?	29	REVOLUTION AT OUR TURKISH BATH	79
"HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME NOT TO KICK YOUR PANTS?".	31	IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD	81
THE AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR	33	FURTHER AND DEEPER	83
HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.	35	GOODWILL FLIGHT	85
BUSINESS RECESSION	37	THE HUMANE TOUCH	87
ART AND INDUSTRY	39	THE GOOD EARTH	89
STEPPING STONES TO GLORY	41	MASS MURDER IN CHINA	91
THE QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE	43	JAPANESE BALANCING ACT	93
NAZI HUNTING EXHIBITION.	45	AURORA AMERICANSIS	95
FOREIGN POLICY VAUDEVILLE ACT	47	SOVIET ADVERTISEMENT—GOOD AND BAD	97
INCREASING PRESSURE	49	"BUT, OFFICER,—THE MAN'S A DANGEROUS RED!"	99
REVIVAL OF OLD-TIME MELODRAMA	51	"YOU TOO, MON AMI?"	101
"ME TOO"	53	OLD MEN'S DAY IN U.S.A..	103
THE POLICY THAT DIDN'T COME OFF	55	MORE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS	105
"SORRY, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BURN OUR FINGERS"	57	WHAT'S HOLDING EVERYTHING UP?	107

INDEX TO CARTOONS—continued

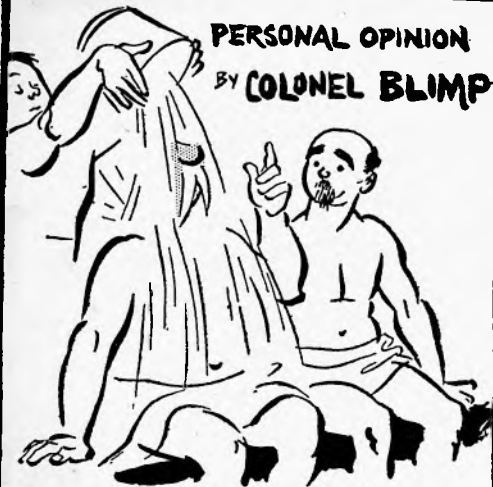
“HMM—ONE MIGHT DO WORSE THAN TRY A BIT O’ THAT ONESELF . . .”	109	FREE MEALS FOR THE UNDERNOURISHED	133
MADHOUSE BUSINESS CONFERENCE	111	TO-DAY’S SPECIAL	135
“ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE . . . EE. . . AH”	113	SIT-DOWN STRIKE IN INDIA.	137
MORE PIRACY	115	PROPOSAL BY PROXY	139
SWALLOWING UP THE OCEAN TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM DROWNING	117	“JUMPED ON, WERE YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE US TO MAKE YOU A NICE CUP OF TEA ON THE HOME SECRETARY?”	141
THE CITY OF DREADFUL FRIGHT.	119	STANDING ROOM ONLY	143
THE MAN WHO CAN’T LOSE HIS SHADOW	121	BIG ARMS SPEED-UP	145
“THE FELLER OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED! ENCOURAGING RAIN!”	123	TRIAL BLACK-OUT	147
PUTTING THE MOCK IN DEMOCRACY	125	MILITARY FUNERAL	149
“DON’T FORGET I’M A RELATION, TOO”	127	STROLL ON THE FRONT	151
NEGOTIATIONS UNDER DIFFICULTIES	129	PUTTING OUT THE CAT	153
GREAT OUTBREAK OF PROSPERITY IN THE DE- PRESSED AREAS	131	STILL WAITING	155
		SING HEY FOR THE OPEN ROAD	157

Gad, sir, Hitler is right. Children of 5 must join up at once to make the world safe for posterity.



DEEP RUMBLE FROM CO! BLIMP

PERSONAL OPINION
BY COLONEL BLIMP



Gad, sir, Lord Punk is right. Baldwin may have no brains, but he's a True Englishman.

BIG APPLE BY COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Garvin is right. There's only one way to stop these bullying aggressors — find out what they want us to do and then do it.

Gad, sir, 'The Times' is right. We
should give Czechoslovakia a
free hand in
Central Europe.



WUFF
WUFF

By

Col. BLIMP.

Gad, sir, Wells is right. We
need up-to-date schools
to teach the people not to
read, so that they won't
be misled by propaganda.



**BLIMP
ON ICE**

Gad, sir, Churchill is right. The Govt. has evidently made an irrevocable decision to be guided by circumstances with a firm hand.



**BLIMP
CRISIS**

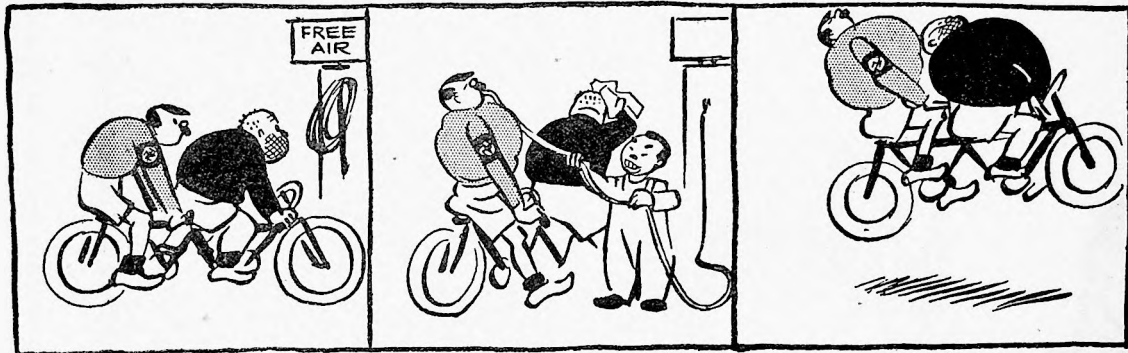
HEARTBURN FROM BLIMP



Gad, sir, the "Daily Mail" is right. Nobody minds paying for armaments. Trouble is, when we have the damn things we don't use 'em.

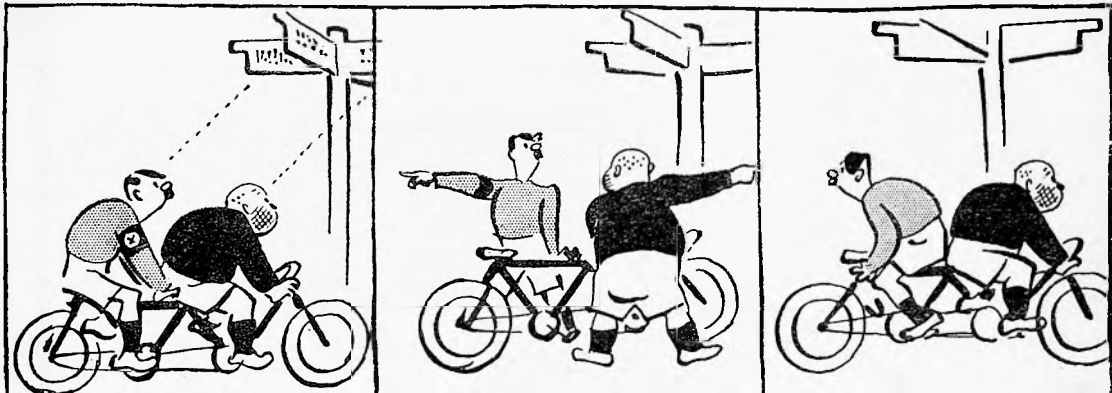
HIT AND MUSS ON THEIR AXIS

OUR COMIC STRIP



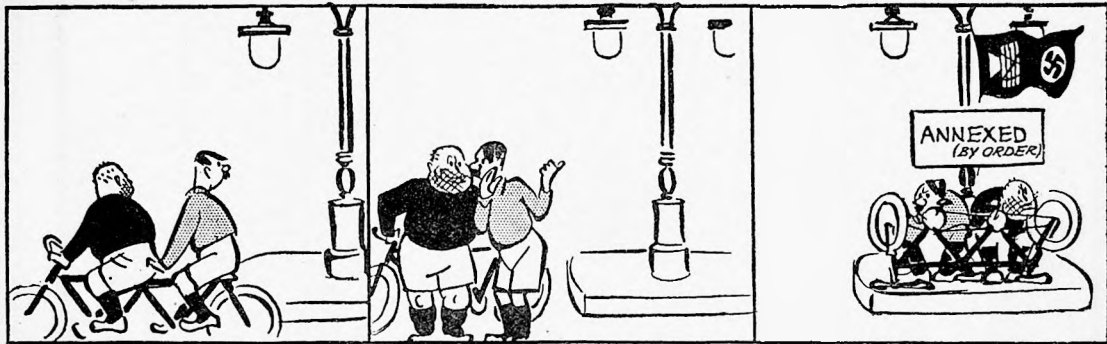
HIT AND MUSS AND THEIR AXIS.

COMIC STRIP

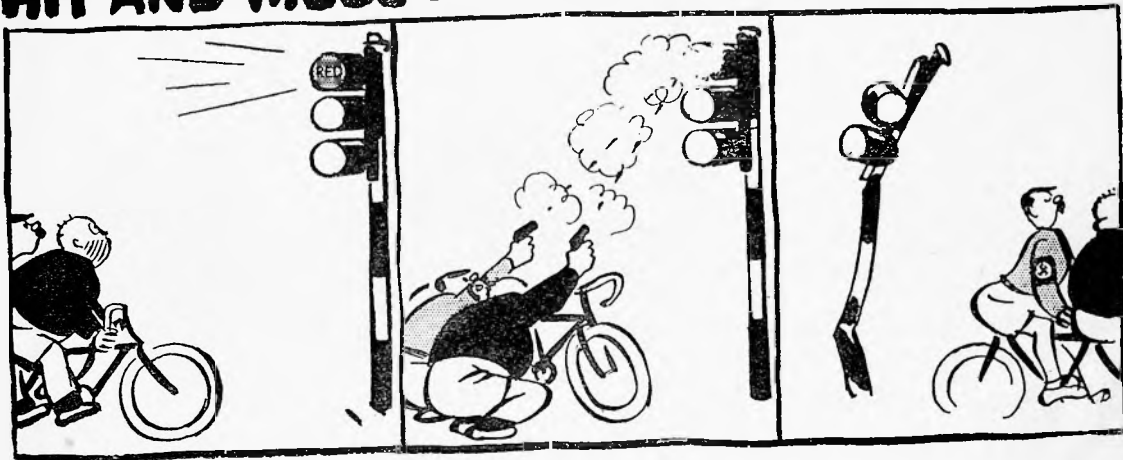


HIT AND MUSS

AND THEIR AXIS

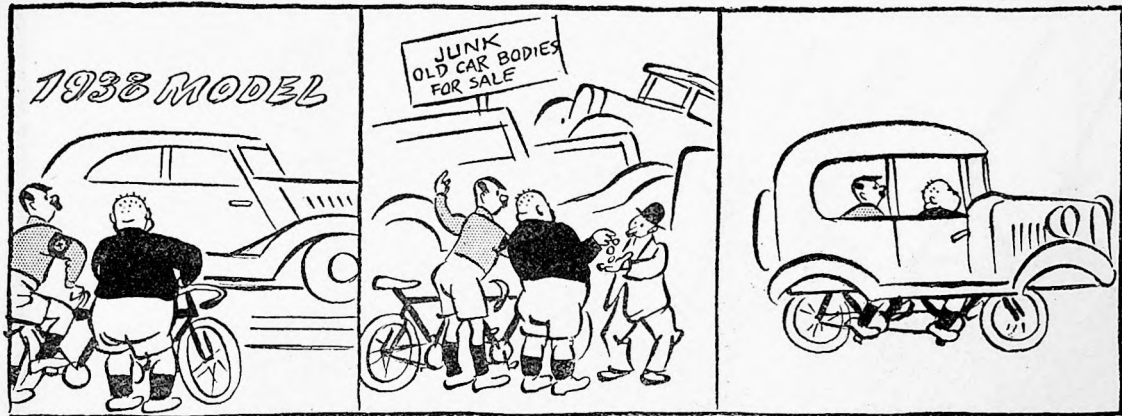


HIT AND MUSS ON THEIR AXIS. OUR COMIC STRIP



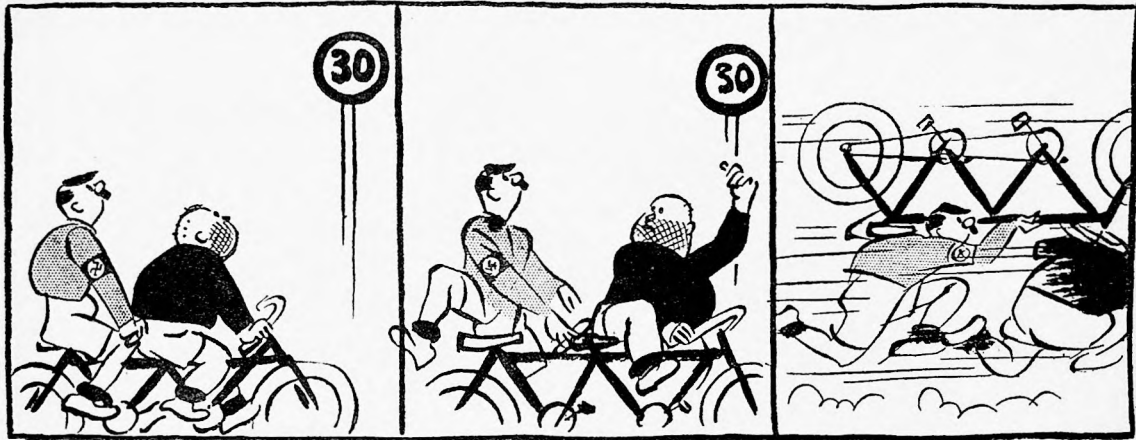
HIT AND MUSS AND THEIR AXIS

OUR COMIC STRIP



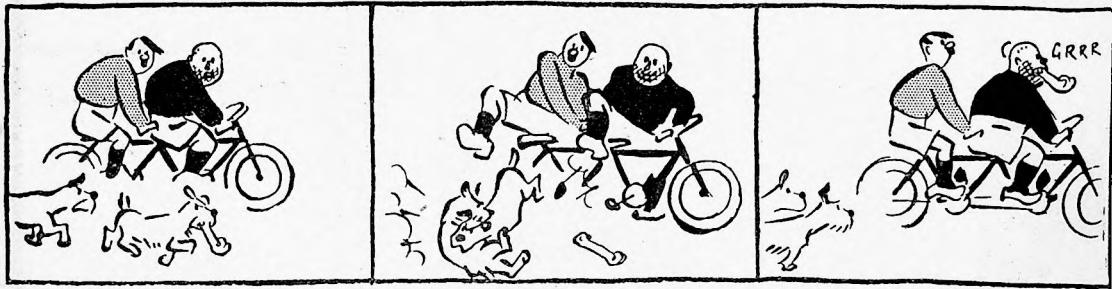
HIT AND MUSS ON THEIR AXIS

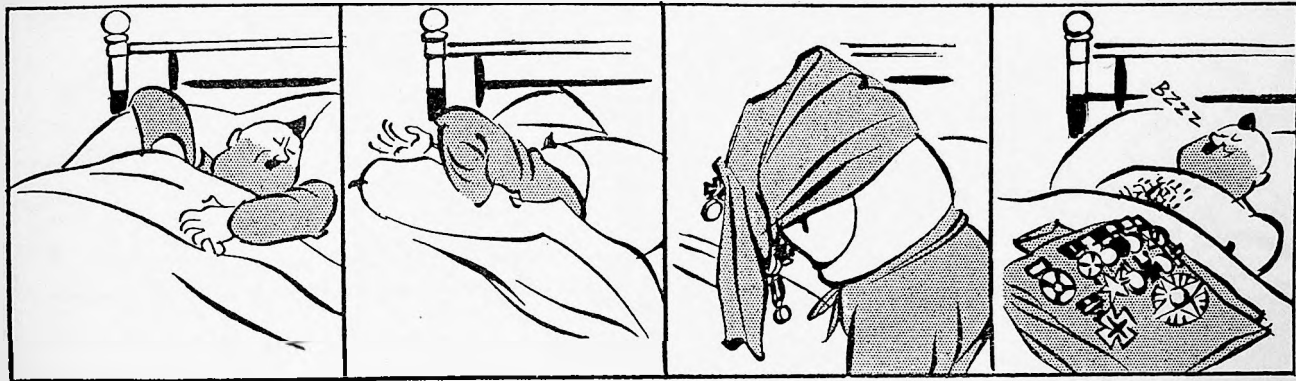
OUR COMIC STRIP



HIT AND MUSS

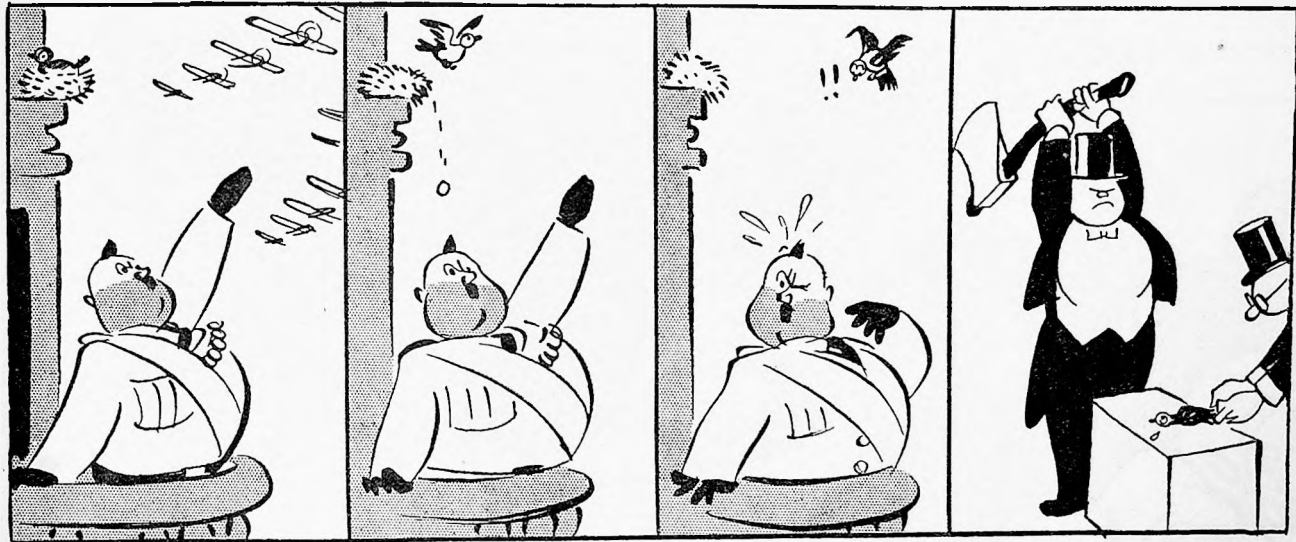
ON THEIR AXIS



MUZZLER THE DICTATOR*"UNEASY LIES THE BOSOM," etc.*

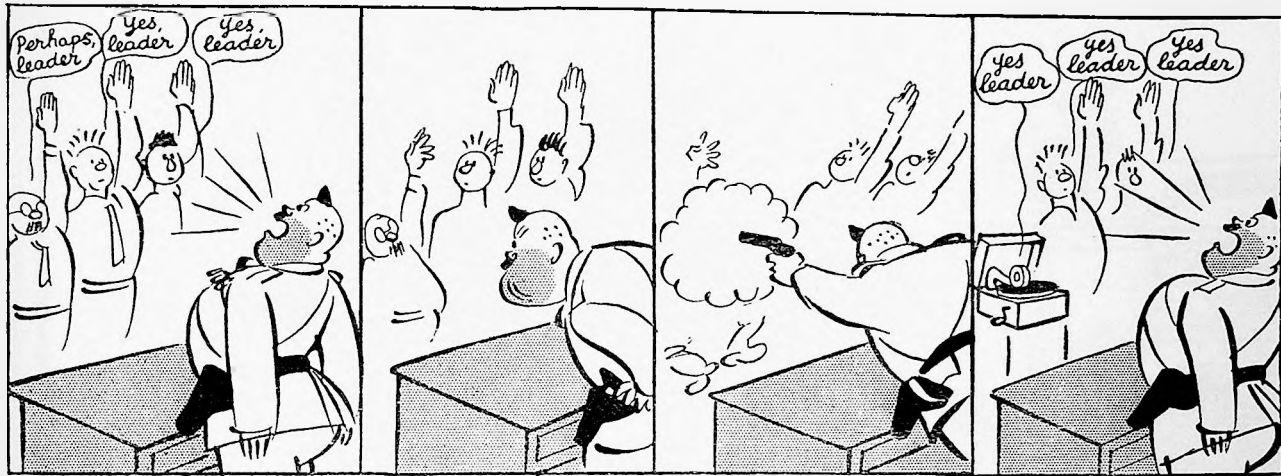
MUZZLER

DARING ATTEMPT ON LIFE OF OUR DICTATOR



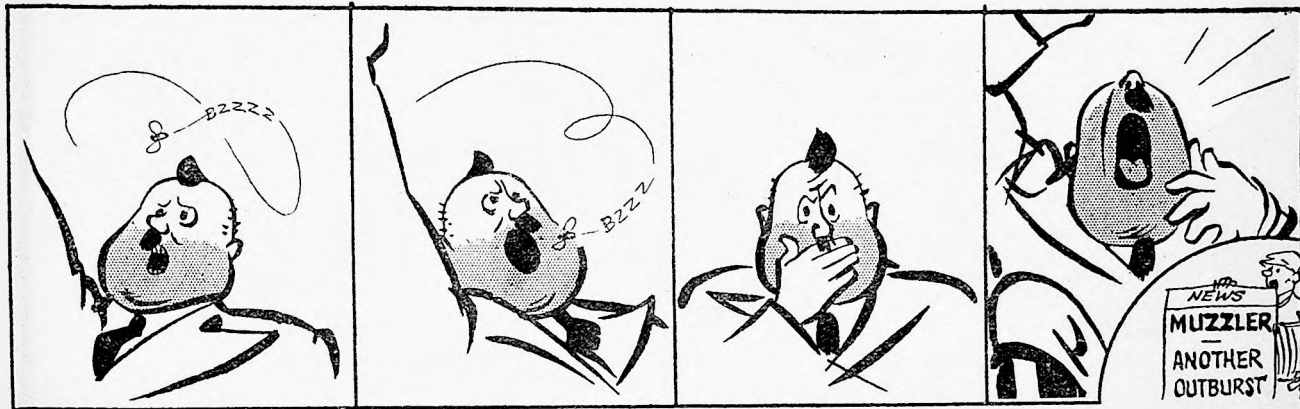
MUZZLER THE DICTATOR

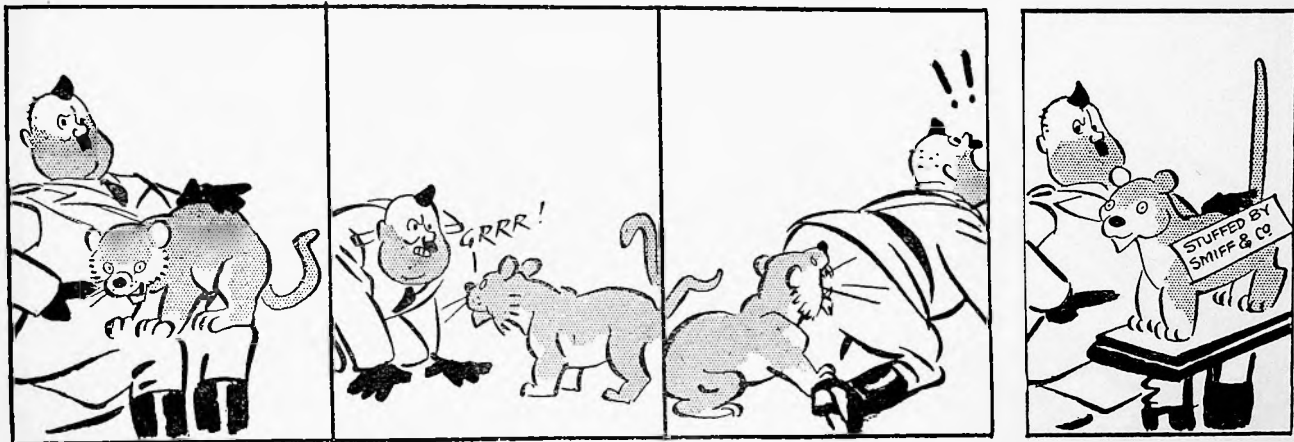
UNITY IS RESTORED

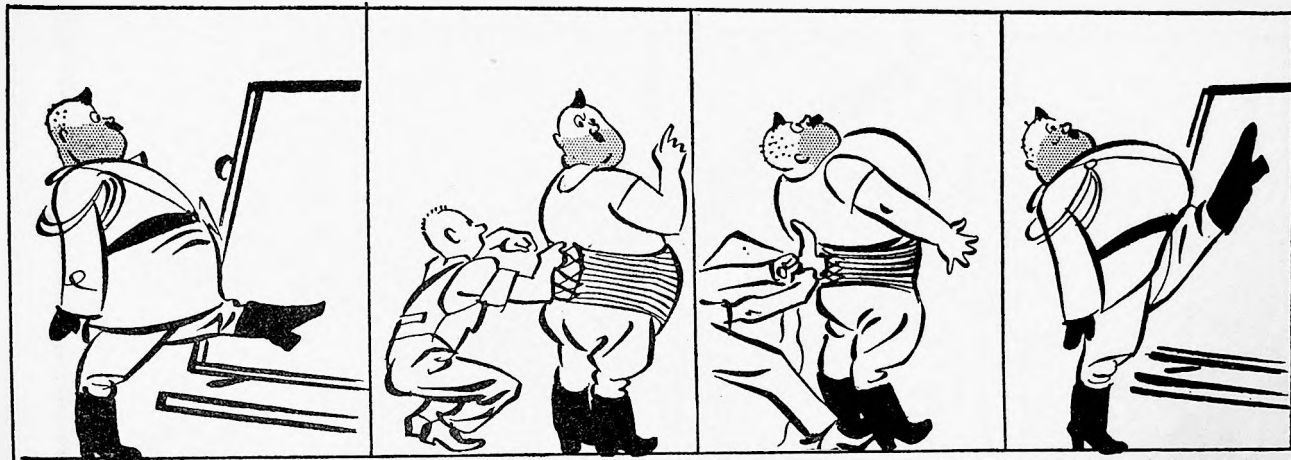


MUZZLER *THE DICTATOR.*

THE BEE'S MISTAKE.

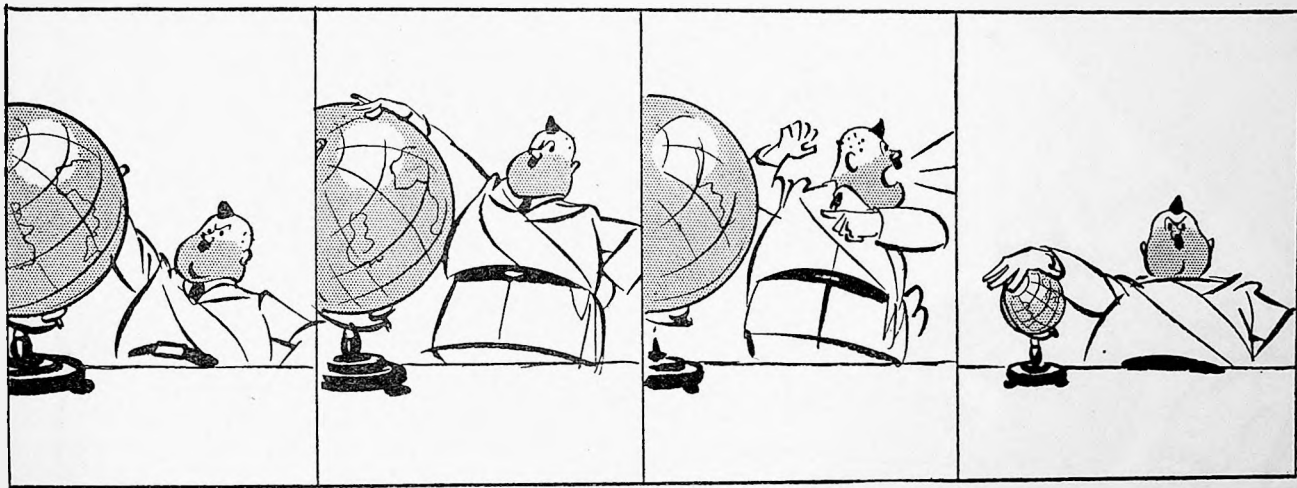


MUZZLER THE DICTATOR.*HE PLAYS WITH LION CUBS, TOO.*

MUZZLER THE DICTATOR.*HE DOES THE GOOSE-STEP NOW*

MUZZLER THE DICTATOR

ACCOMMODATION TO HIS DIGNITY



MUZZLER THE DICTATOR

CHANGES IN THE HIGH COMMAND



MUZZLER

THE DICTATOR

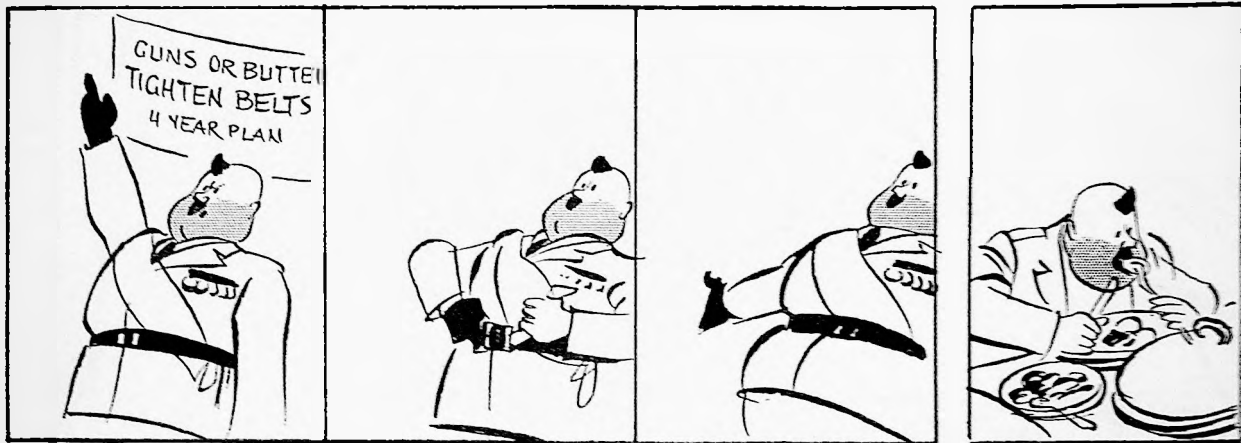
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.



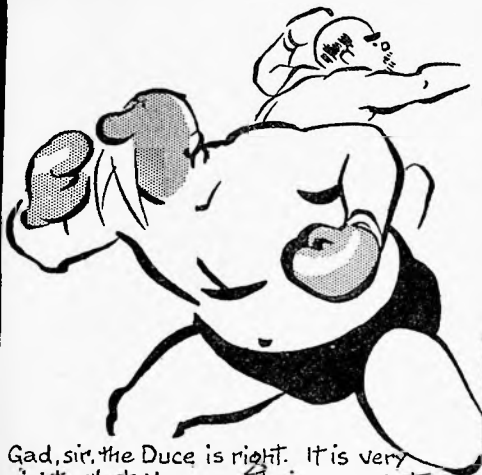
MUZZLER THE DICTATOR*YOU CAN'T HAVE 'EM SCOWLING BACK*

MUZZLER THE DICTATOR

YES, HE TIGHTENS HIS BELT.



SHADOW-SPAR BY BLIMP

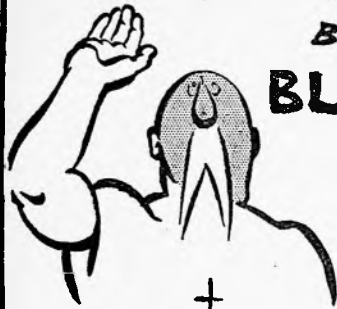


Gad, sir, the Duce is right. It is very sinister that Moscow will give no undertaking to prevent the Spaniards from usurping Spain.

RESOLVED

BY

BLIMP



Gad, sir, Lord Bothermere is right. We should maintain strict neutrality - so long as it helps Franco to beat up the dashed Reds

Gad, sir, Lord Goof is right. The Spanish
women and children must be taught not to
drop bombs on
battleships.



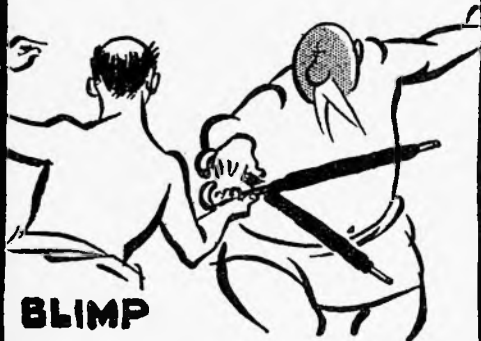
**B
L
I
M
P**

Gad, sir, Franco is right. The women and
children of Guernica just
massacred themselves
for spite.

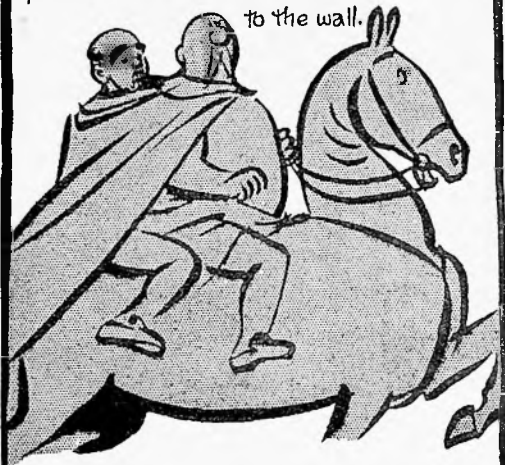


COL. BLIMP'S DECORATIONS

Gad, sir, Lord Coot is right. Just wait till half a million Askaris are landed in Spain and then Mussolini will show the Spaniards how Fascist Italians can fight.



Gad, sir, Mr. X. is right. The reason our Government is always getting kicked in the pants is that it doesn't stand with its back to the wall.



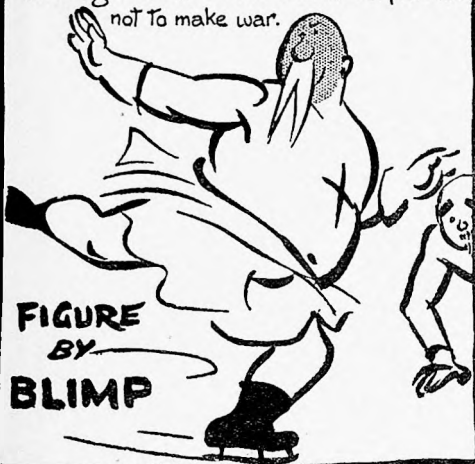
ONWARD, COLONEL BLIMP

Gad, sir, the Worshipful Master is right.
You can't expect a Dictator not to send
reinforcements which he indignantly
denies, to his Troops which
he has explained are not
there Dash it, it
wouldn't be
honourable.

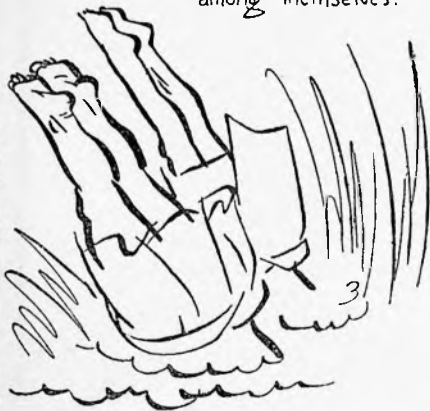


COL. BLIMP'S SUNRAY

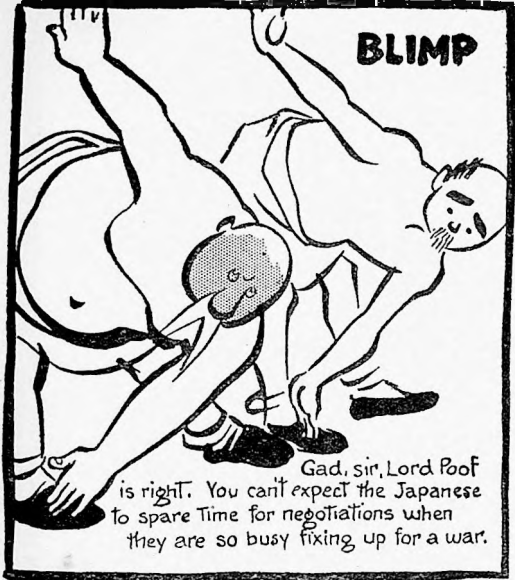
Gad, sir, Garvin is right. We should bring⁶
peace to Europe by reaching a firm under-
standing with Hitler that he will not promise
not to make war.



Gad, sir, Lord Blast is right. Civilization demands the withdrawal of all Spanish Troops from Spain, To let the foreigners settle it among themselves.

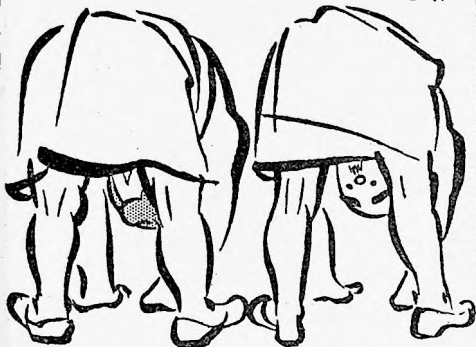


DIVE BY COL. BLIMP

BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Poof
is right. You can't expect the Japanese
to spare Time for negotiations when
they are so busy fixing up for a war.

Gad, sir, Lord Poppycock is right.
We can't declare a boycott of Japanese
goods, because then how could Japan
pay innocent business men for the raw
materials to make their bombs.?



FITNESS BY COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Foozle is right.
The Japanese are only
killing the Chinese to
save them from
their enemies.



HOLE

By

COL BLIMP

Gad, sir, Mussolini is right. It's high time
the Japanese War Office reprimanded the
Archbishop of Canterbury for his unchristian
conduct.



GIDDAP! BY COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Busslepush is right. We must warn Eden that he is there to uphold British Interests — not Humanity or Decency.



SHOOT! by **BLIMP**

Gad, sir, Lord Tosh is right. We ought to make a covenant with Japan. After all the Japs. are realists and wouldn't expect us to keep it, like the Chinese.




WIND AND WATER BY BLIMP

HANDSPRING

BY

COL. BLIMP



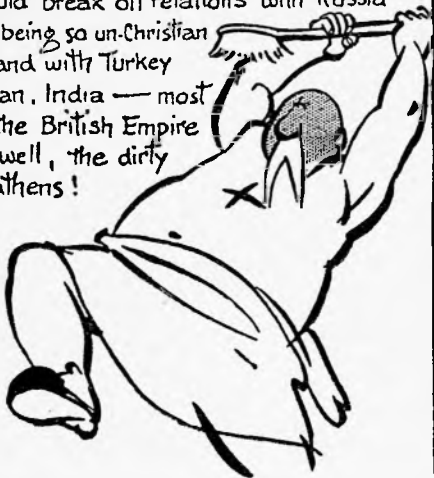
Gad, sir,
Mussolini is
right. There can
be no negotiations
until Geneva is
moved to somewhere else.

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. It's
lolly courteous
of the Japs to
send off both their
bombs and their
apologies
at the
same
time.



DIVOT
BY
COL. BLIMP

Gad sir, the Archbishop is right. We
should break off relations with Russia
for being so un-Christian
— and with Turkey
Japan, India — most
of the British Empire
as well, the dirty
heathens!



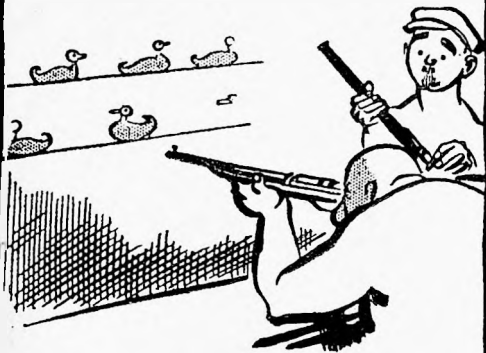
CRUSADE BY BLIMP

Gad, sir, Mussolini is right. The Dictators stand for Peace — unless, of course, Russia refuses to abolish Communism.



SLITHER BY BLIMP.

Gad, sir, Lord Boopadoop is right. It's just a Red conspiracy to bump off the Bolsheviks so that Hitler won't be able to destroy 'em.



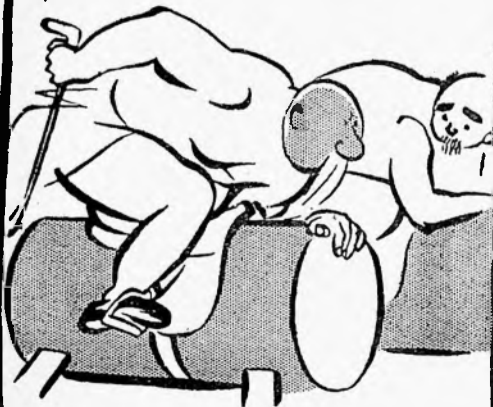
MIXED BAG BY COL BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Bumble is right. It's a great pity these Americans will persist in behaving like a lot of foreigners.



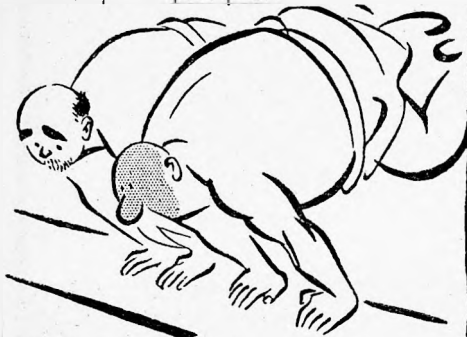
COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Henry Ford is right. Trades Unionism is just a plot of the workers to stop employers from treating them well of their own free will.



10 TO 1 BLIMP

Gad, sir, Morgan is right. Roosevelt treats the capitalists so badly that it is the duty of the rich to keep the poor poor.



COL. BLIMP-OVER !

STROKE BY COL. BLIMP.

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right.
If Britain sends Troops to the
Rhineland, the League of Nations
should resign from France.



EXPOSURE BY BLIMP



Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right.
This League of Nations is a big sham.
Why, it's nearly all foreigners.

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right.

The heart of every Frenchman
bleeds for France, but to bleed from the
pocket is different.



BLIMP'S MEASURED MILE

Gad, sir. Lord Beaverbrook is right.
French finance must be put on a firm
foundation, even if it has to be under
100 fathoms.



IN-OUT BLIMP

Gad, sir, The *FINANCIAL NEWS* is right. The Gold Panic was just a deep dodge by Simon to make hoarders of the new threepenny bit dishoard

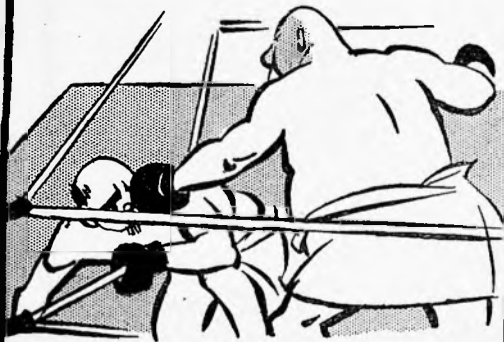


**FINANCIAL
SUPPLEMENT
BY BLIMP**

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. Any interference with the City would rock our financial system to the very hole under its foundations.

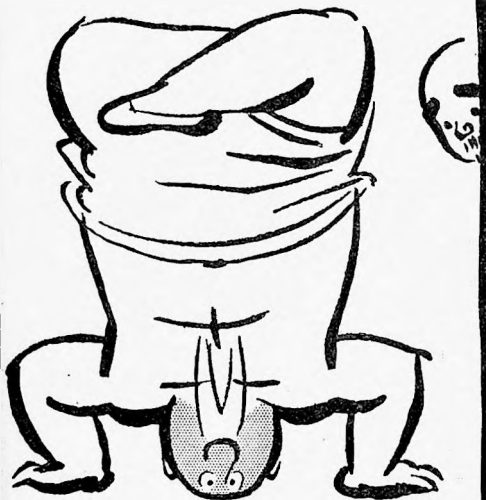


Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. These measures against piracy are a menace to world peace.



STRAIGHT LEFT FROM BLIMP

YOGI BLIMP



Gad, sir, the Banks are right. The way to deal with Slumps is to be confident there

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. The best of our Democracy is that it gives every man a chance to become powerful enough to make a fool of it



BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Bubbleandsqueak is right.
Never - Never shall we yield our colonies,
even if we have to buy a geography and learn
what and where the blooming things are.



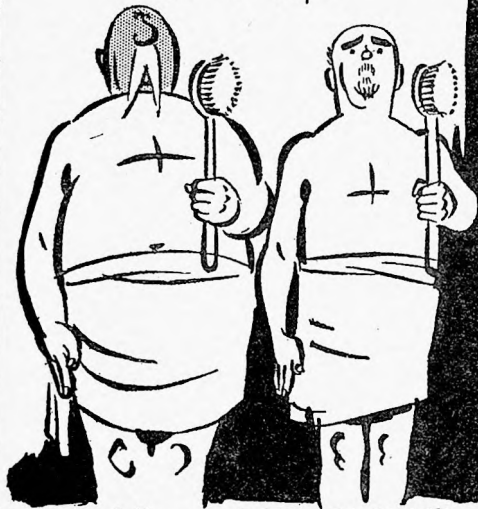
OFFSIDE BY COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. If New Zealand persists in clinging to the League and Collective Security, Britain will have to consider withdrawal from the Empire.



CO! BLIMP'S SPLENDID ISOLATION!

Gad, sir, Duff Cooper is right. We must
compel the unemployed To volunteer
for the Army.



'SHUN! BY COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Mildew is right.
We English are quite right to be
fonder of dogs than of
Basque children. After
all, dogs are our own
flesh and blood.



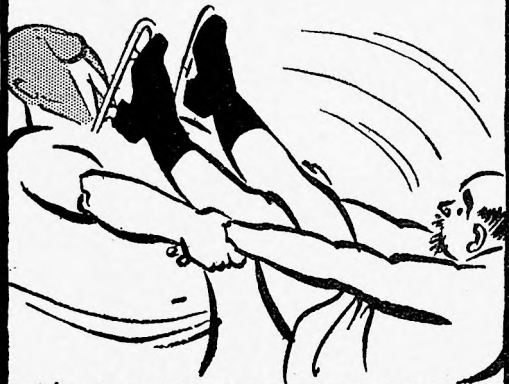
HIGH DIVE BY BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Nuts is right. The working classes should be ashamed to ask for shorter hours, when the uppah classes are slaving themselves to the bone at dinners and balls



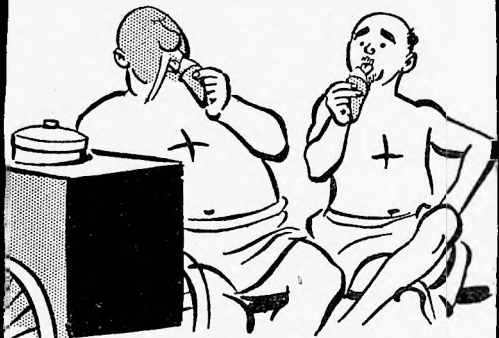
COL. BLIMP: I LAP AHEAD

Gad, sir, Lord Bullswool is right. Do we rule India, or don't we? Then we should force the blasted Indians to accept self-government.



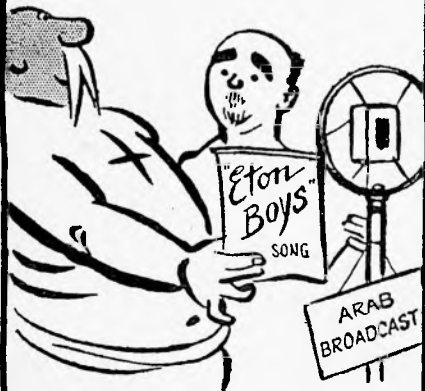
WHIRL ON THIN ICE WITH BLIMP

Gad, sir, Mr. Twomey is right. The Irish bombers are justified in resenting the way the English abandoned them to Mr. de Valera.



SUNNY INTERVAL BY BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right. It looks as though Hitler means to allow only Aryan jews to make a living in Germany.



HIGH NOTE BY BLIMP

RINGER BY COLONEL BLIMP

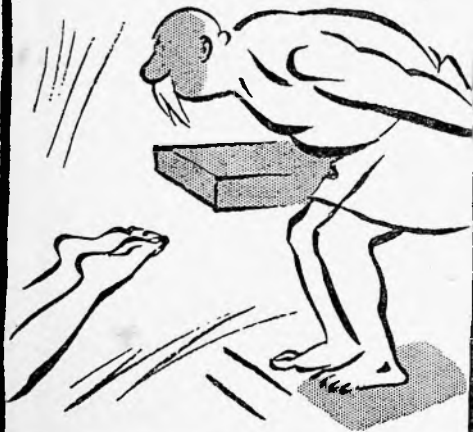
Gad, sir, Lord Ballyhoo is right.

These Jews should be
stopped from hanging about
the Oswald Hall
trying to injure
Fascists by kicking
them in the feet with
their ribs.



BLIMP STANDS FIRM

Gad, sir, Lord Blithier is right. The Govt. must default on some more pacts and keep Lord Beaverbrook's promise to the British people.



HANGOVER *by* COL. BLIMP

Gad, sir, Lord Sniff is right. The way to frighten these foreign bomb-dropping bullies is to threaten to take 'em up in some of our civilian airplanes.

BALANCE *BY* BLIMP



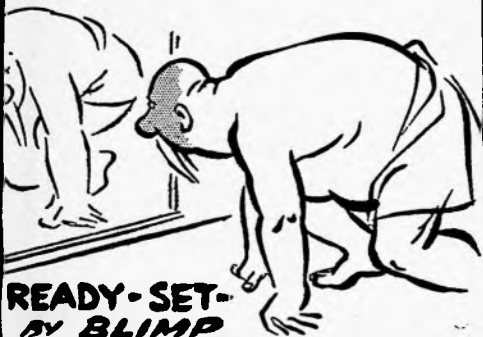
Gad, sir, the General is right. Hore-Belisha has so lowered the dignity of the Army that no decent enemy will want to go to war with us.

COL. BLIMP *BY THREE LENGTHS*

Gad, sir, Dr. Göbbels is right.
By all means let us
preserve the sacred
British Freedom of the
Press, but we can't
let the wrong kind of
people write what
they like.



Gad, sir, Lord Drivelmore is right. Something must be done to these pacifists who want to drag us into war for justice and freedom, the bloodthirsty jingoes, and refuse to fight for their country, the white-livered cowards.



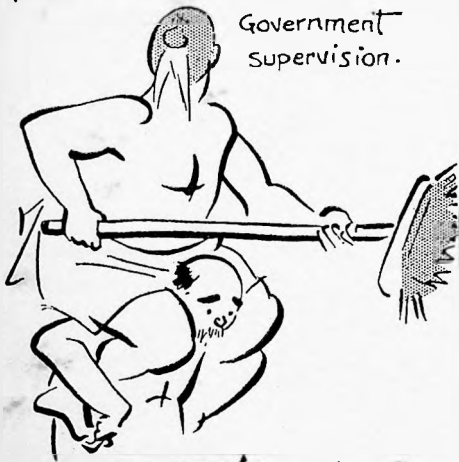


Gad, sir, if we want to
keep our place in the sun,
we must darken the sky
with our airplanes.

THINGS TO COME by **BLIMP**

Gad, sir, Hore-Belisha is right.
Nationalise the roads so that
pedestrians can be killed under.

Government
supervision.



COL. BLIMP'S REVIEW